

HACKLEMAN'S

PRINCE of PEACE - ISAIAH 9-6
PRINCE of LIFE - ACTS 3-15

Gospel Songs
Quartettes
Choruses and
Hymns

LADIES' VOICES

A CHOICE COLLECTION FOR
WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS
BY PEARL CONNER HACKLEMAN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
CINCINNATI, O.

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HACKLEMAN'S LADIES' VOICES

Consisting of

Gospel Songs,
Quartettes, Choruses,
and Standard Hymns

for the use of

Women's Organizations,
C. W. B. M. Meetings,
Adult Bible Classes,
Y. W. C. Associations,
Ladies' Quartettes,
Ladies' Choruses, Etc.

COMPILED BY

PEARL CONNER HACKLEMAN

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PRICE OF THIS BOOK

50 cents

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THE STANDARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CINCINNATI, O.

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HACKLEMAN'S Ladies' Voices

SACRED.

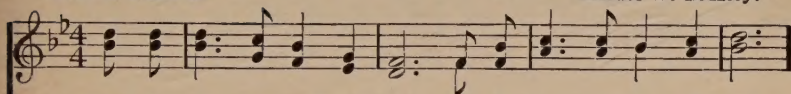
No. 1.

I Walk With God.

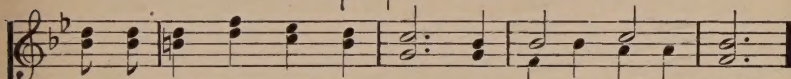
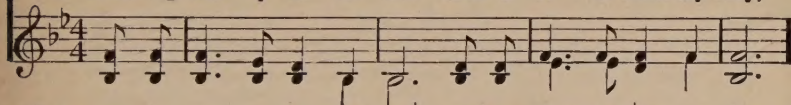
Eben E. Rexford.

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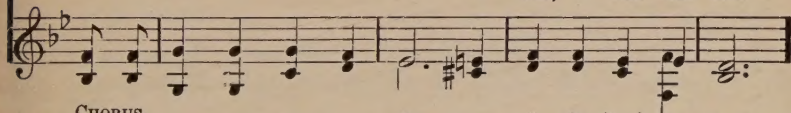
Samuel W. Beazley.



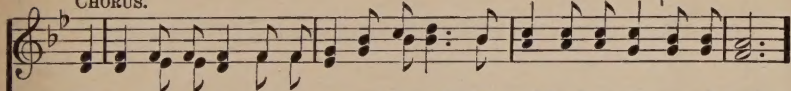
1. When the way is rough and steep, Or in pleas - ant paths I trod,
2. O the joy so deep and sweet That is mine from day to day!
3. Trust - ing whol - ly in the love That is ev - er round my way,



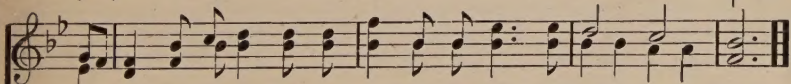
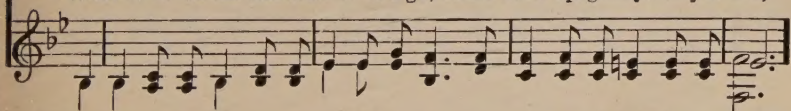
This glad thought is mine to keep— I walk with God.
For 'tis God who guides my feet A - long the way.
God's sweet prom - is - es I prove From day to day.
I walk, I walk with God.



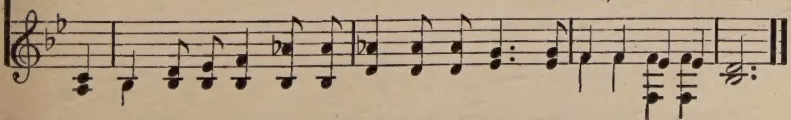
CHORUS.



What-ev-er be-fall and wher-ev-er I go, While earth's pilgrim journey is trod,



My soul is at peace, for 'tis heav-en to know I walk with God.
I walk, I walk with God.

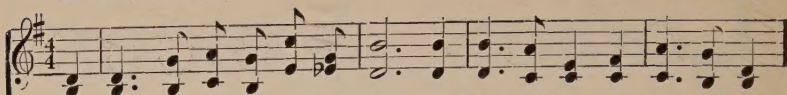


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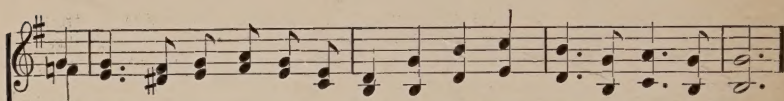
The Lord Knows Why.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.,

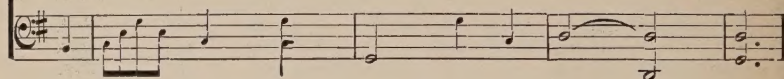
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



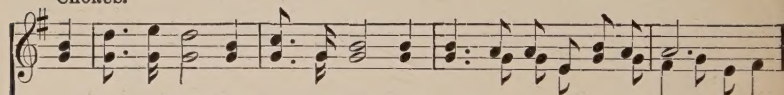
1. I may not know the rea-son why Dark clouds so oft - en veil the sky,
2. I may not know why I am led So oft - en in the paths I dread,
3. I may not know why death should come, To take the dear ones from my home,
4. So, tho' I may not un - der-stand The lead - ings of my Fa-ther's hand,



But tho' my sea be smooth or rough, The Lord knows why, and that's e-nough.
 But, trust-ing Him, I'll press my way, The Lord knows why—I will o - bey.
 But, tho' mine eyes with tears be dim, The Lord knows why—I'll trust in Him.
 I know to all He has the key, He un - der-stands each mys-ter - y.

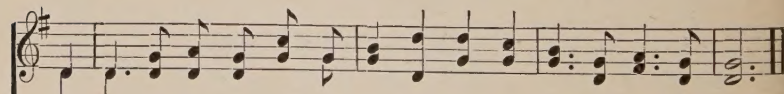
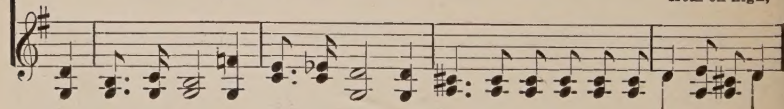


CHORUS.

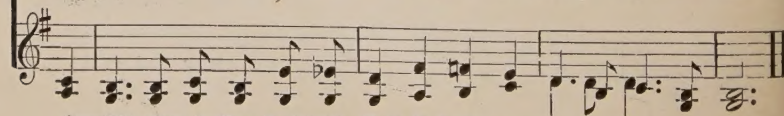


O yes, He knows, the Lord knows why These things are order'd from on high;

from on high;



And tho' dark clouds may hide the sun, The Lord knows why—His will be done.



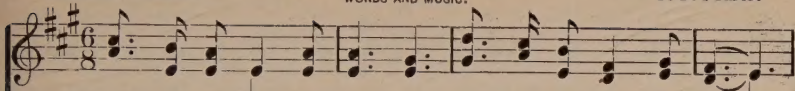
No. 3.

* Beautiful Isle.

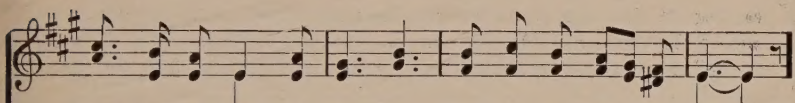
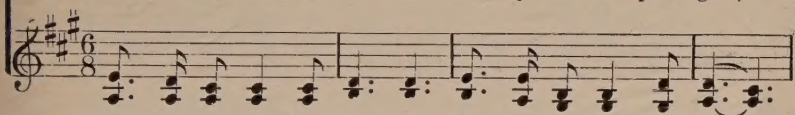
Jessie B. Pounds.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

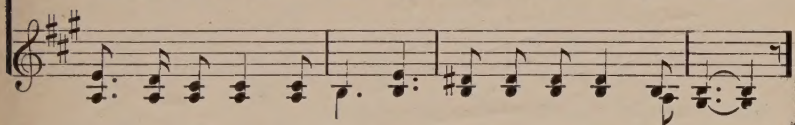
J. S. Fearis.



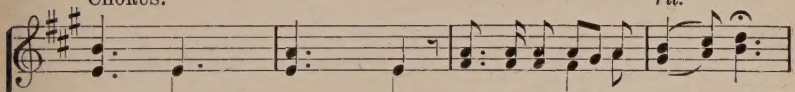
1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song - birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is lon - ger, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;



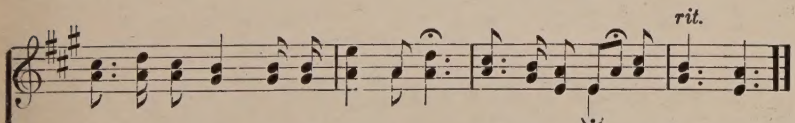
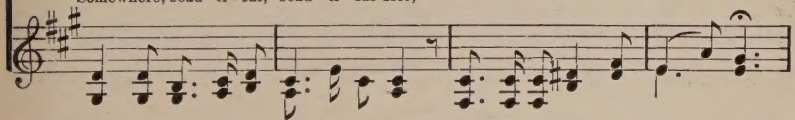
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing; God lives, and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is stron - ger, Somewhere the guer - don won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.



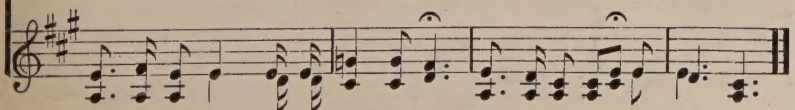
CHORUS.

rit.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where!
Somewhere, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,

*rit.*

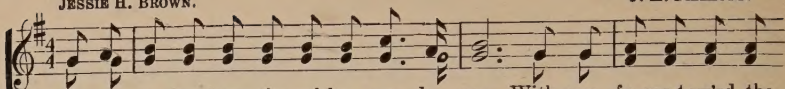
Land of the true, where we live a - new—Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some - where.



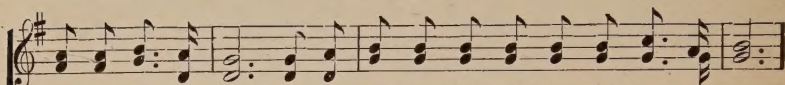
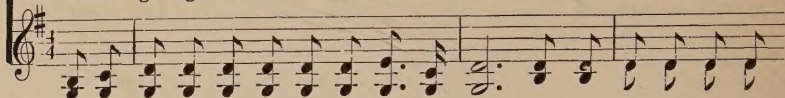
*Sung at the funeral of our martyred President, William McKinley.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

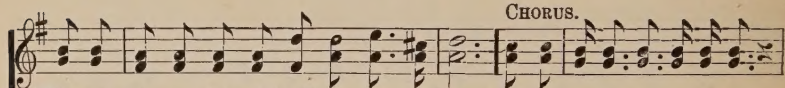
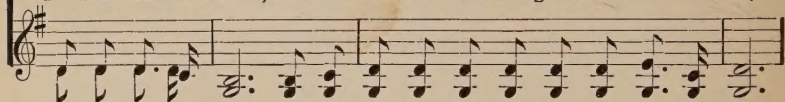
J. H. FILLMORE.



1. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, With our fa-ces tow'rd the
2. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, When the la-bors of the
3. We are go-ing down the val-ley, one by one, Hu-man comrades you or



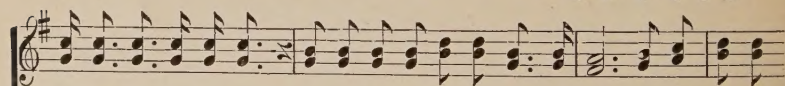
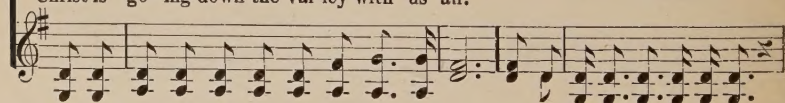
set-ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the mournful cy-press grows,
wea-ry day are done; One by one the cares of earth for-ev - er past,
I will there have none; But a ten-der hand will guide us lest we fall,



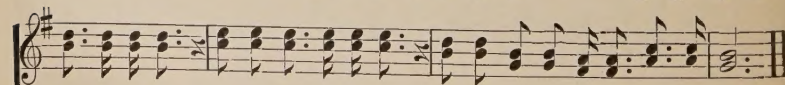
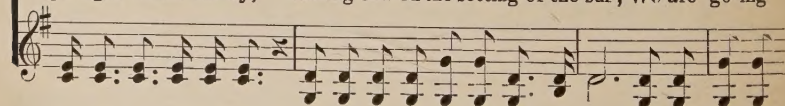
CHORUS.

Where the stream of death in silence onward flows.

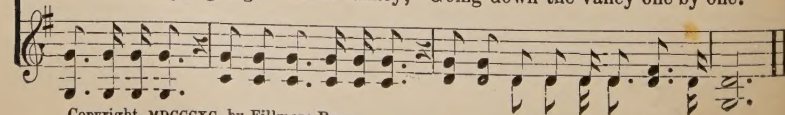
We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last. We are going down the valley,
Christ is go - ing down the val-ley with us all.



go-ing down the val-ley, Go-ing tow'rd the setting of the sun, We are go-ing



down the valley, going down the valley, Going down the valley one by one.

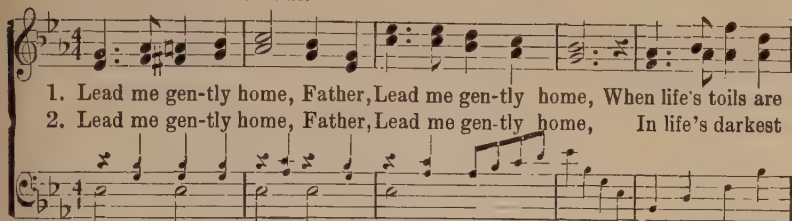


No. 5. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

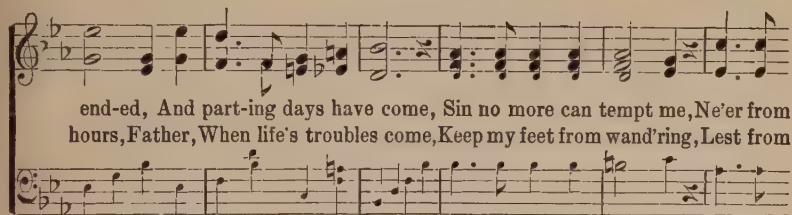
W. L. T.

Solo or Duet and Chorus.

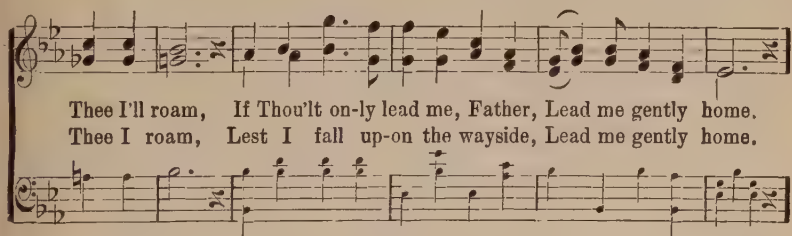
WILL L. THOMPSON.



1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's darkest

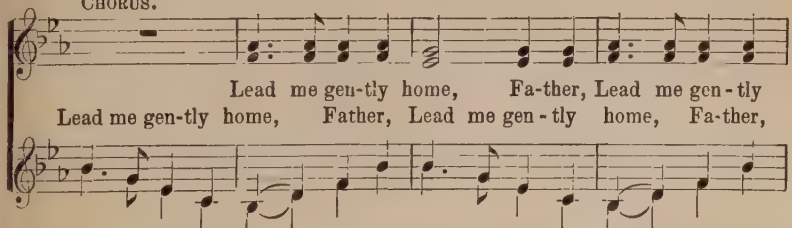


end-ed, And part-ing days have come, Sin no more can tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from

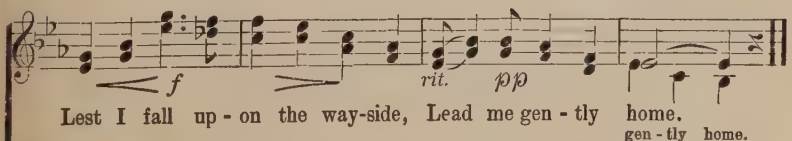


Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

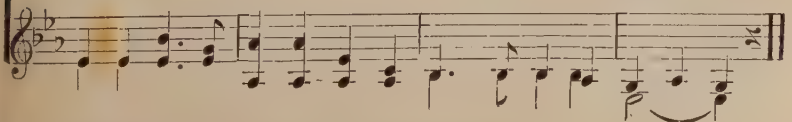
CHORUS.



Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly
Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther,

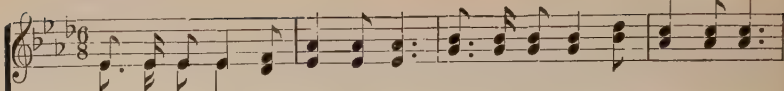


Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

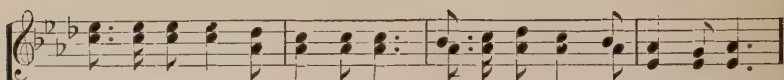
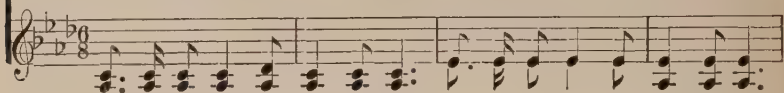


E. E. HEWITT.

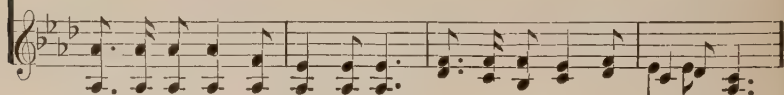
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More a - bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show:
2. More a - bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-ern;
3. More a - bout Je - sus; in His Word, Holding com-munion with my Lord;
4. More a - bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own.



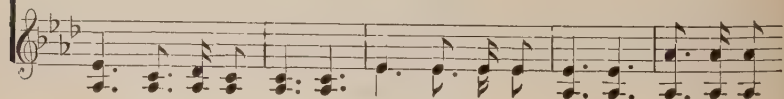
More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of peace.



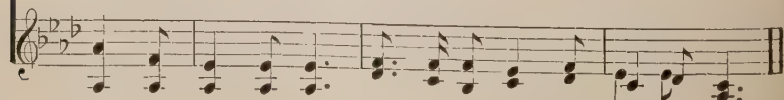
REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus; More of His



sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



No. 7.

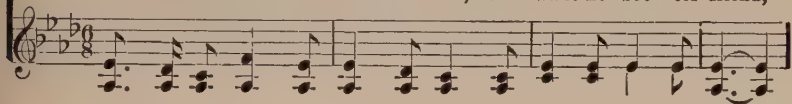
Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.



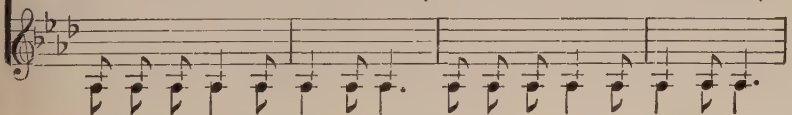
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ney, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep - ing His cross with - in my sight;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;



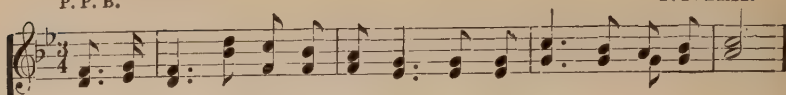
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



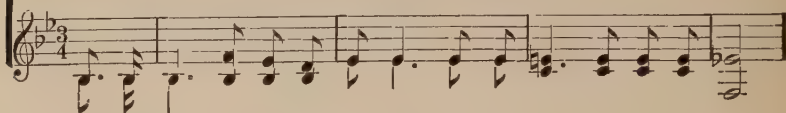
No. 8. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



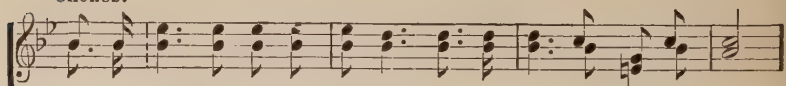
1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest toss'd,



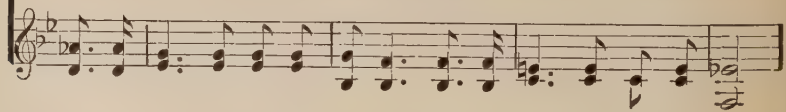
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to reach the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.



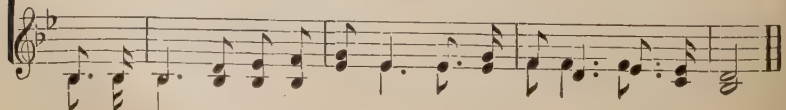
CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



Some poor faint-ing struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

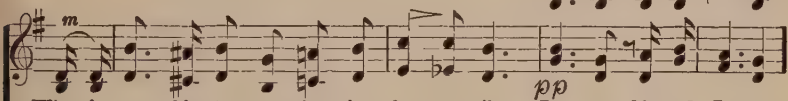
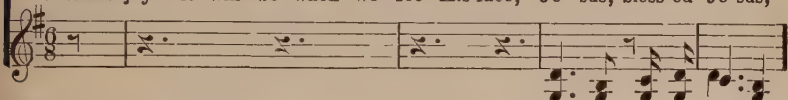


C. H. G.

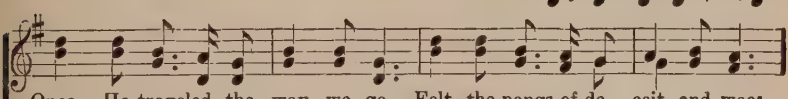
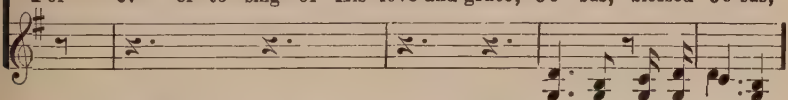
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



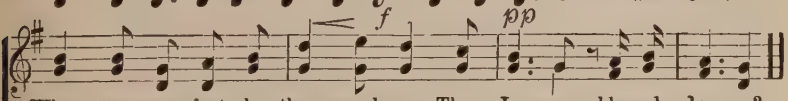
1. There is One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. When the harvest is past He will come a - gain, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
5. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



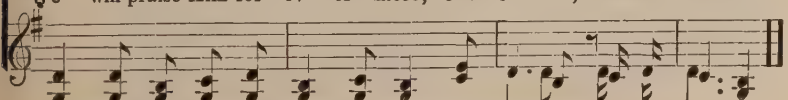
Who is a - ble to save when the foe as-sails, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
 He heal-eth our wounds and He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
 His arm is a - round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
 O let us be read - y to meet Him then, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;
 For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, blessed Je - sus;



Once He traveled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
 Tho' so oft - en de - nied is He, Spurned the love that built Cal - va - ry,
 When from loved ones were called to part, When the tears in our anguish start,
 When we en - ter the Shad - ow - land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
 There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,



Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, blessed Je - sus?
 Still with pleadings of "Come to me," Stands Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 None can com-fort the break-ing heart But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 He will meet us with out-stretched hand, This Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.
 We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

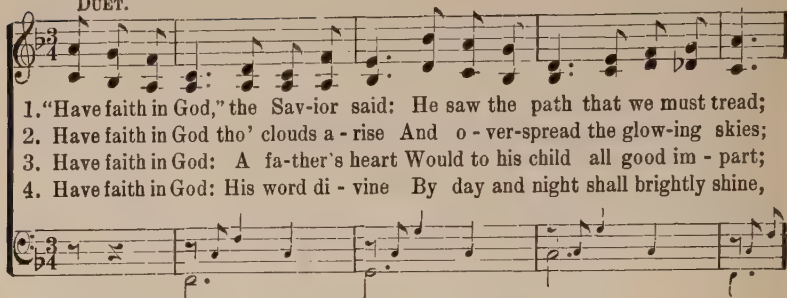


No. 10.

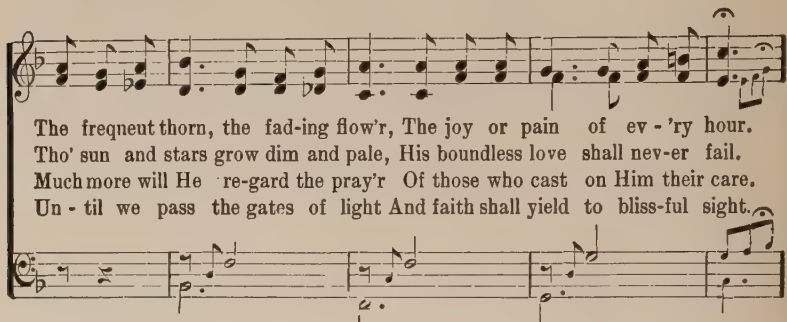
Have Faith in God.

E. E. HEWITT.
DUET.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

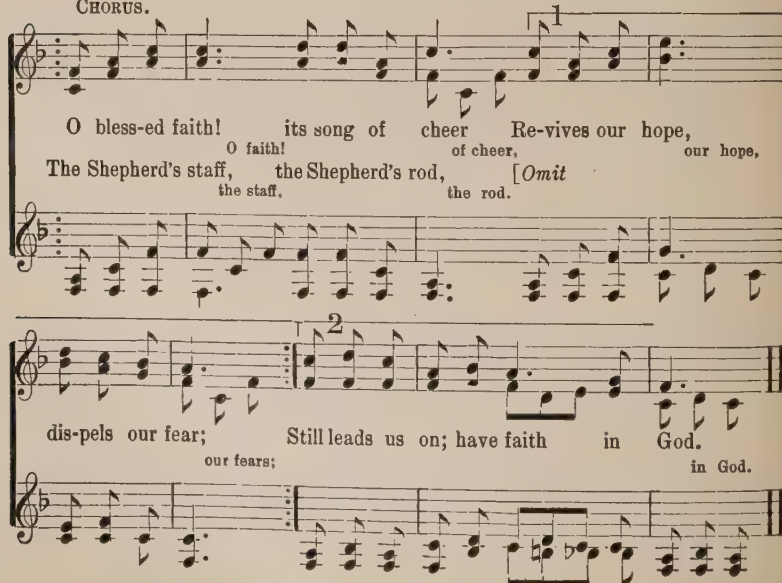


1. "Have faith in God," the Sav-ior said: He saw the path that we must tread;
 2. Have faith in God tho' clouds a - rise And o - ver-spread the glow-ing skies;
 3. Have faith in God: A fa-ther's heart Would to his child all good im - part;
 4. Have faith in God: His word di - vine By day and night shall brightly shine,



The frequent thorn, the fad-ing flow'r, The joy or pain of ev - 'ry hour.
 Tho' sun and stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall nev - er fail.
 Much more will He re-gard the pray'r Of those who cast on Him their care.
 Un - til we pass the gates of light And faith shall yield to bliss-ful sight.

CHORUS.



O bless-ed faith! its song of cheer Re-vives our hope,
 O faith! of cheer, our hope,
 The Shepherd's staff, the Shepherd's rod, [Omit
 the staff, the rod.
 dis-pels our fear; Still leads us on; have faith in God.
 our fears; in God.

No. 11.

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray.

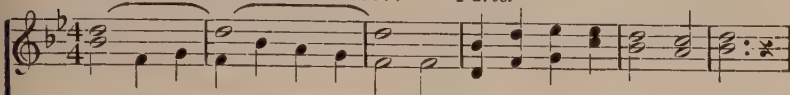
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
PROPERTY OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO.
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. Owen. Arr. by
W. E. M. Hackleman.

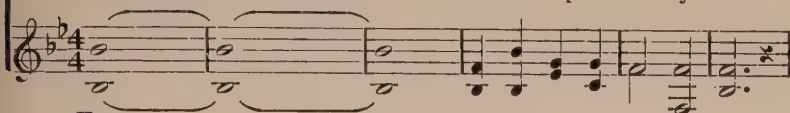
Solo, 2nd Soprano.

Hum.....

Parts.



1. O lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry: While we were a - mong the lost,
2. No an - gel could His place have ta - ken; High - est of the High was He:
3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - ior? To His scep - ter hum - bly bow?

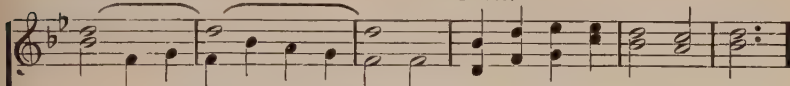


Hum.....

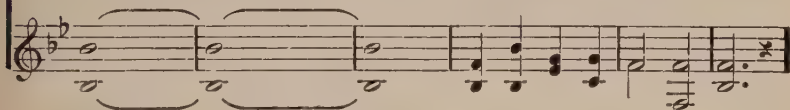
Solo, 2nd Soprano.

Hum.....

Parts.

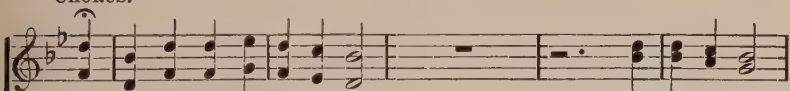


There came One down from Heaven's glo - ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost.
Though dy - ing on the Cross, for - sa - ken, Yet His pow'r saves you and mel
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor; He will save you, save you now.

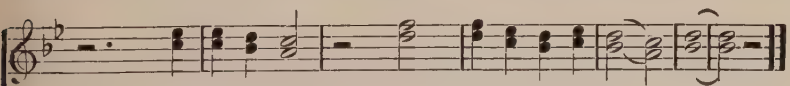


Hum

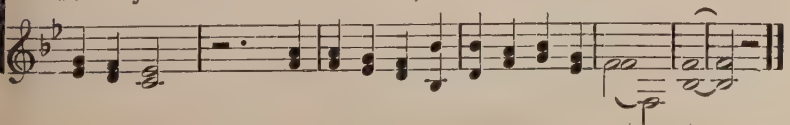
CHORUS.



Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the Cross? He

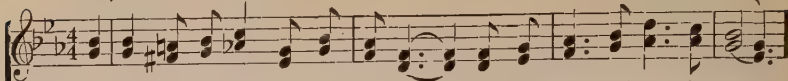


Where is He now? In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Believe it thou, In

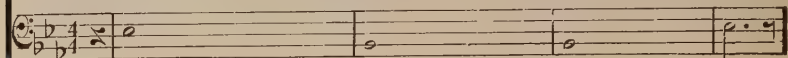


Solo, or Duet and Chorus.

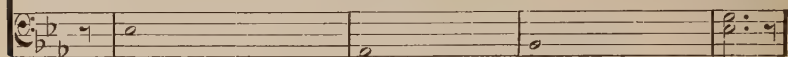
Com. BALLINGTON BOOTH.



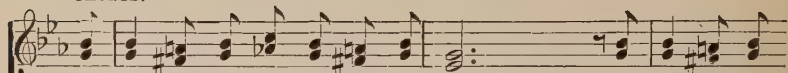
1. The cross that He gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me,
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,



The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.



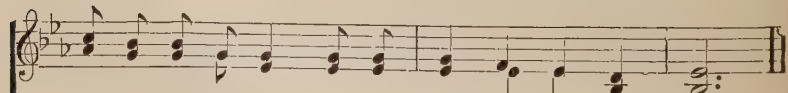
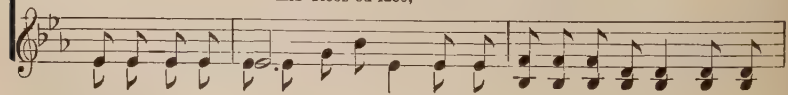
CHORUS.



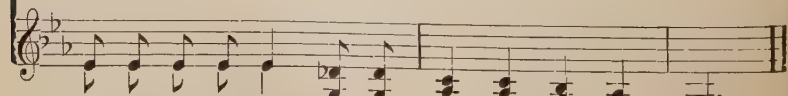
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not
 than His grace,



hide His blessed face; I am satisfied to know That with
 His bless-ed face,

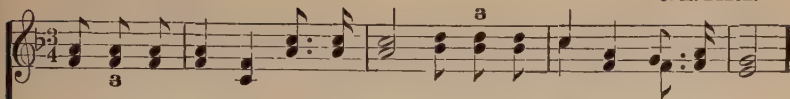


Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

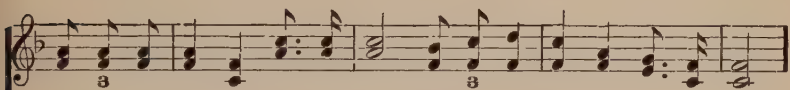
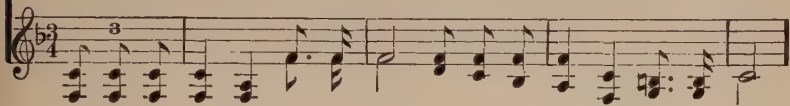


Rev. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so;
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-ior, near,



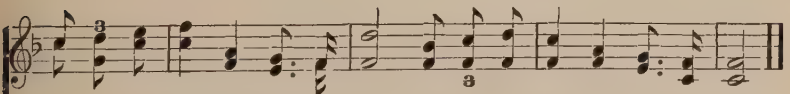
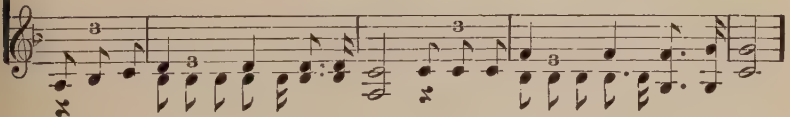
And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stain'd Cal - va - ry.
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je - sus, my Friend, of Cal - va - ry.



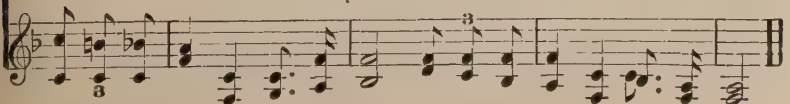
CHORUS.



Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

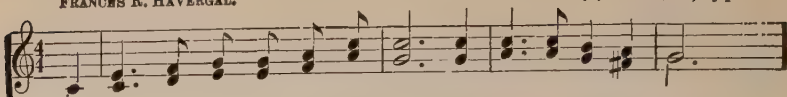


He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

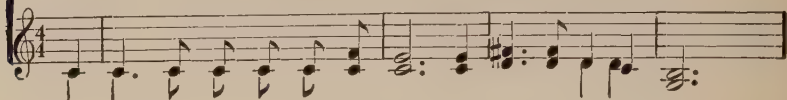


FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

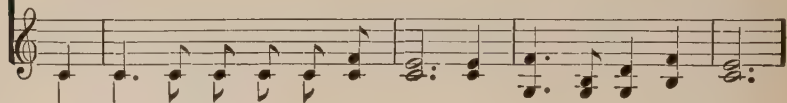
B. E. HUDSON, by per.



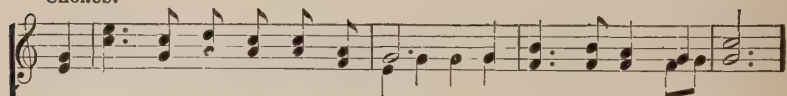
1. I know I love Thee bet - ter Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad
4. O Sav - ior, pre - cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



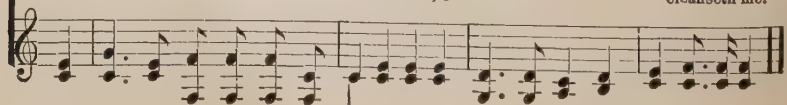
CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 been told,



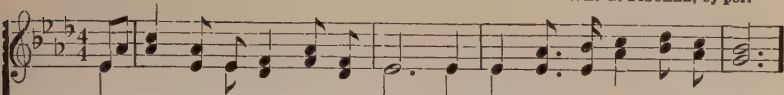
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 been told, . cleanseth me.



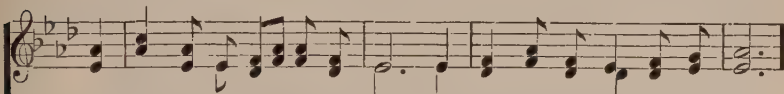
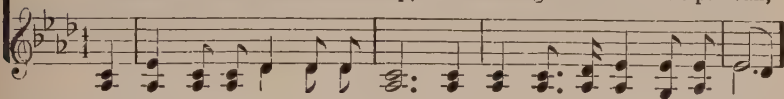
No. 15. The Rock That is Higher Than I.

E. JHONSON.

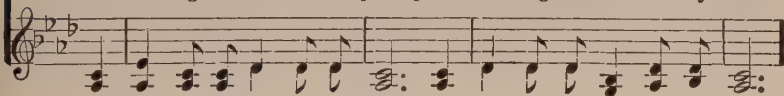
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;



And sor-rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil-ing in life's dus-ty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.



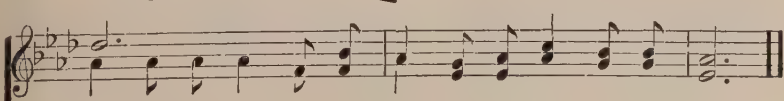
CHORUS.



O, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is
let me fly,



high-er than I; O, then, to the Rock let me
is high-er than I;



fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
let me fly,



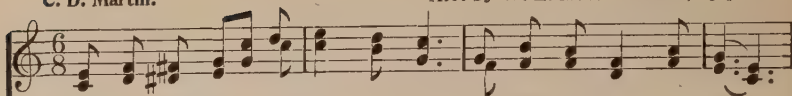
Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

W. S. Martin.

C. D. Martin.

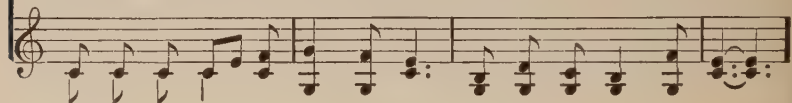
Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman, by per.



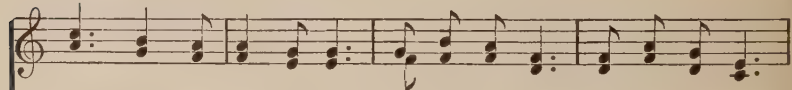
1. Be not dis-mayed, whate'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the best, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



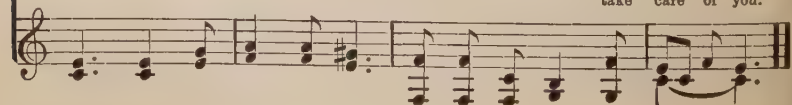
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.

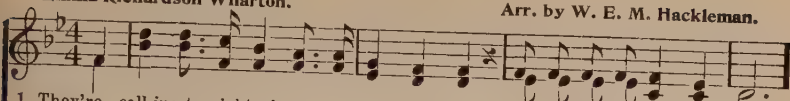


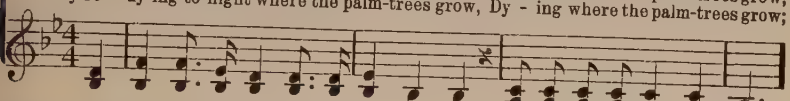
India's Famine Cry.

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Emma Richardson Wharton.

Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

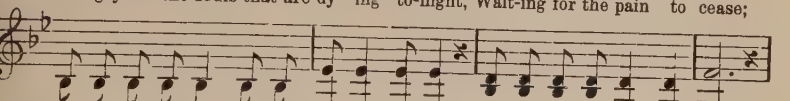
- 
1. They're call-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Call - ing where the palm-trees grow;
 2. They're homeless to-night where the palm-trees grow, Homeless where the palm-trees grow;
 3. They're faint-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Faint-ing where the palm-trees grow;
 4. They're dy-ing to-night where the palm-trees grow, Dy - ing where the palm-trees grow;



O hark! on the breeze what a cry of woe! Harken what a cry of woe!
 O, God! how they moan while they wand'ring go! Moaning while they wand'ring go!
 There's anguish and tears, while the hot winds blow, Anguish while the hot winds blow.
 Unnumbered they fall 'neath the sun's fierce glow, Falling 'neath the sun's fierce glow.

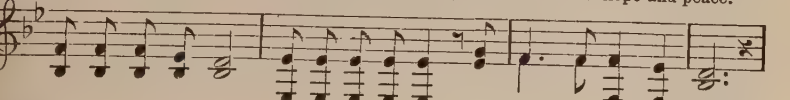


Hun-gry are the souls that are call - ing to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
 Hun-gry are the souls that are homeless to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
 Hun-gry are the souls that are weep-ing to-night, Wait-ing for the gloom to cease;
 Hun-gry are the souls that are dy - ing to-night, Wait-ing for the pain to cease;

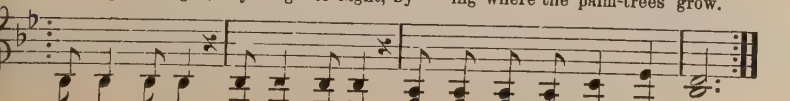


Man - y are the hearts pray-ing for the light, The dawn of hope and peace.

Repeat softly.



Call - ing to-night, call - ing to-night, Call - ing where the palm-trees grow.
 Home-less to-night, home-less to-night, Home-less where the palm-trees grow.
 Faint-ing to-night, faint-ing to-night, Faint - ing where the palm-trees grow.
 Dy - ing to-night, dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing where the palm-trees grow.

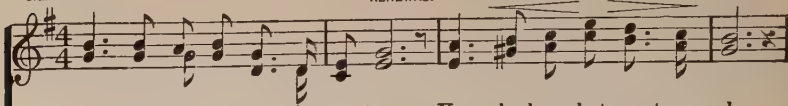


No. 18. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

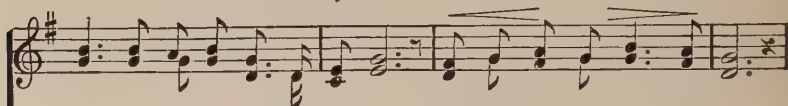
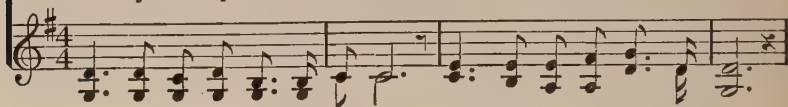
Mrs. Phoebe J. Hanaford.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
RENEWAL.

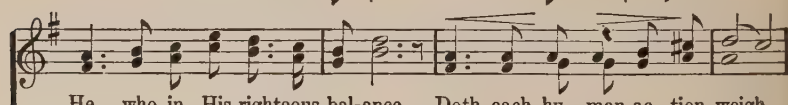
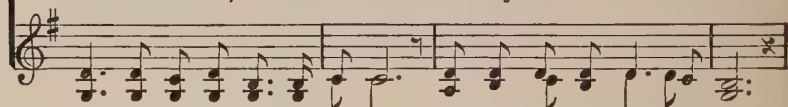
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



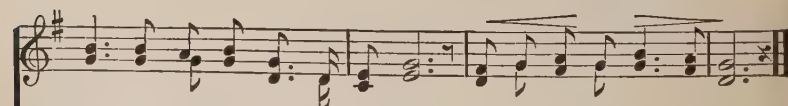
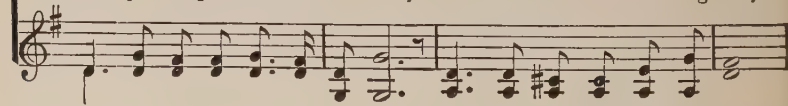
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, | Ye who have but scant sup-ply, |
| 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, | Poor and wear-y, worn with care,— |
| 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, | Ye who have a-bun-dant store; |
| 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, | Far and wide your treasures strew; |
| 5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, | Waft it on with pray-ing breath; |



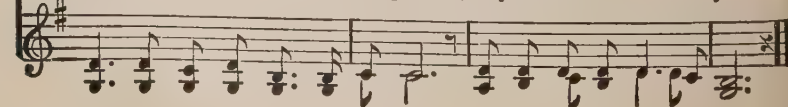
An-gel eyes will watch a-bove it;—	You shall find it by and by!
Oft-en sit-ting in the shad-ow,	Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man-y a bil-low,	It may strand on man-y a shore;
Scat-ter it with will-ing fin-gers,	Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubtful mo-ment	It may save a soul from death.



He who in His righteous bal-ance	Doth each hu-man ac-tion weigh,
Can you not to those a-round you	Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er,	But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it,	It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol-emn si-lence,	'Neath the morn and eve-ning dew,



Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber,	Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
As you look with long-ing vi-sion	Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er,	It will yet re-turn to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus,	It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened,	May strew lil-ies o-ver you.



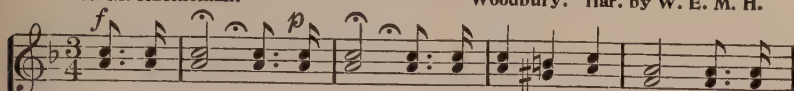
No. 19.

Speed Away!

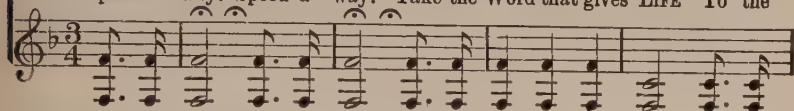
WORDS AND HARMONY, COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

W. E. M. Hackleman.

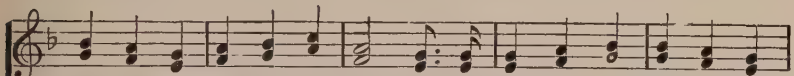
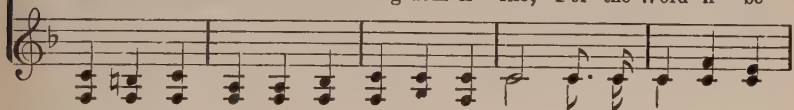
Woodbury. Har. by W. E. M. H.



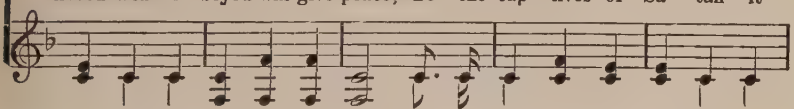
1. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Gos - pel of LIGHT To the
 2. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Mes - sage of LOVE To the
 3. Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Take the Word that gives LIFE To the



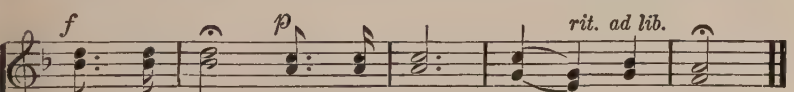
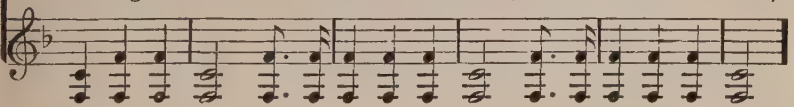
lands that are wrapped in the dark - ness of night; "Go ye in - to the
 souls that know not of the Fa - ther a - bove, Who so loved this dark
 na - tions in which Sa - tan's king - dom is rife; For the Word if be -



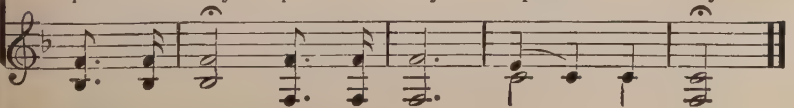
world!" 'tis the Sav - ior's com - mand, That the light of the Gos - pel shine
 world that He gave His own Son, Thro' whose blood shed on Cal - v'ry re -
 lieved and o - beyed will give peace; To the cap - tives of Sa - tan it



o'er ev - 'ry land. Then, go forth in His name, and the Gos - pel pro - claim,
 demption was won. — Let us haste while 'tis day, not a moment de - lay,
 will bring re - lease. — To the res - cue make haste, there is no time to waste,



Speed a - way! Speed a - way! Speed a - way!



No. 20. Mighty Rock, Whose Towering Form.

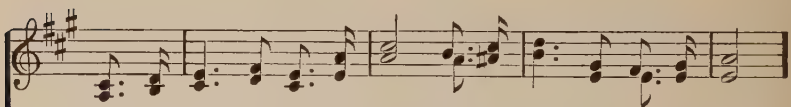
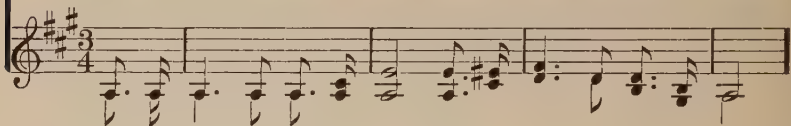
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY T. C. O'KANE.
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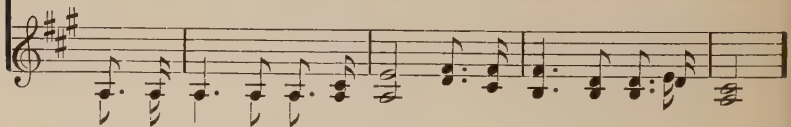
Tullius C. O'Kane.



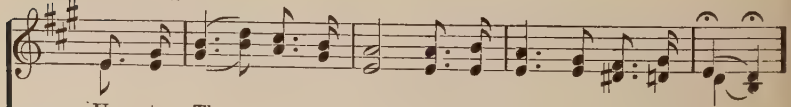
1. Might-y Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks a - bove the frown-ing storm,
2. Of the springs that from Thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill - y breath,



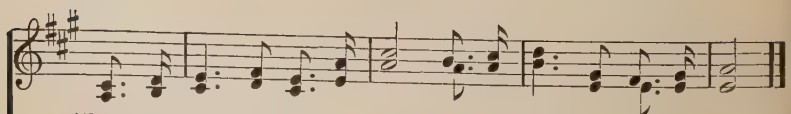
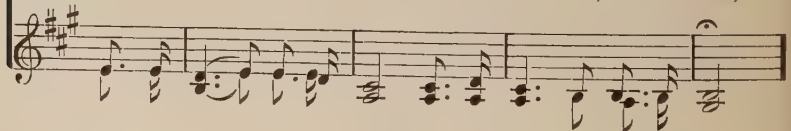
Rock a - mid the des-ert waste, To Thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wear - y, faint - ing, toil - op-pressed, In Thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock where all my hopes a - bide, In Thy shad - ow let me hide.



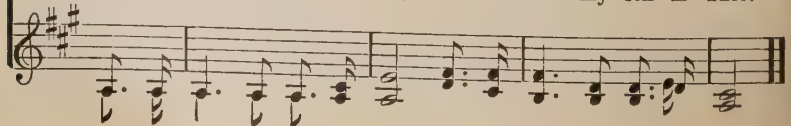
REFRAIN.



Un - to Thee, un - to Thee, Pre-cious Sav - ior, now I flee;



"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee."



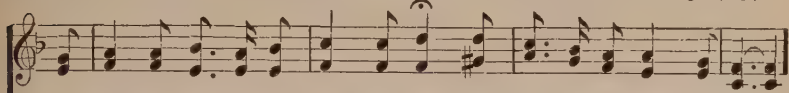
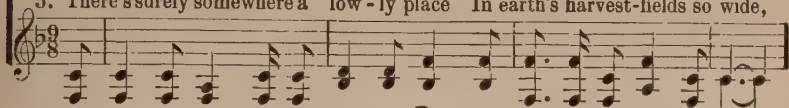
No. 21. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

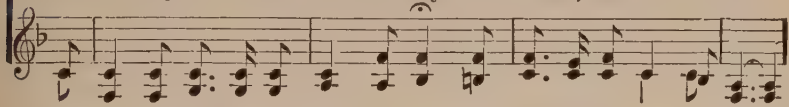
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



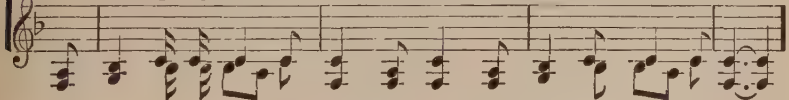
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



FINE

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere; I'll be what you want me to be.



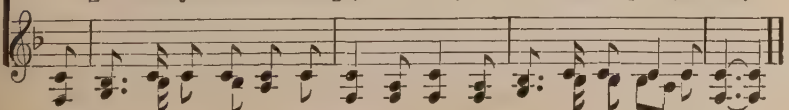
D.S. — I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

D. S



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

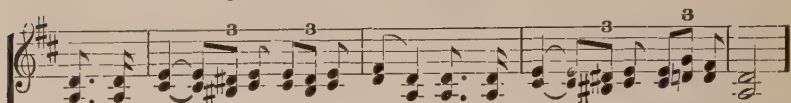
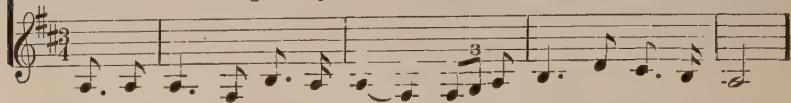


Rev. C. WESLEY.

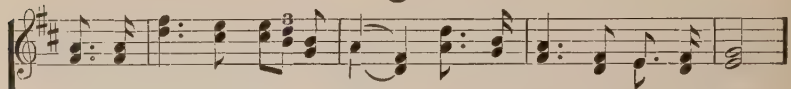
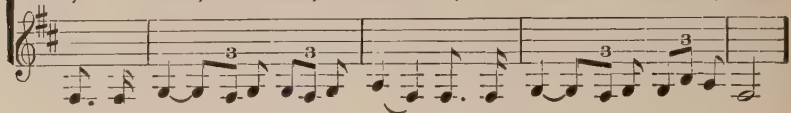
JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



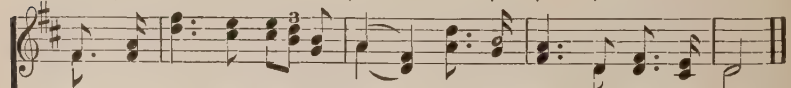
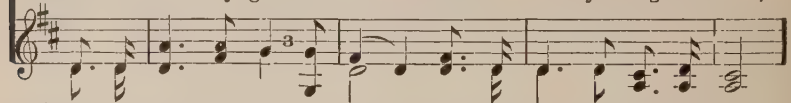
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Wilt thou not re - gard my call? Wilt thou not ac - cept my pray'r?



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me;
 Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall! Lo, on thee I cast my care;



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Reach me out thy gra - cious hand! While I of thy strength re - ceive,



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
 Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!



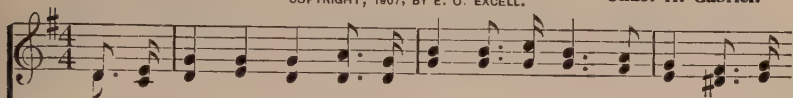
4. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
5. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee,
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 23. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

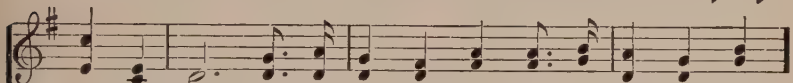
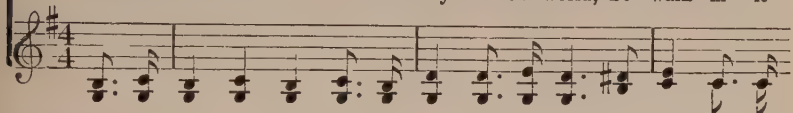
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

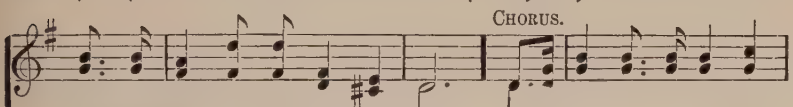
Chas. H. Gabriel.



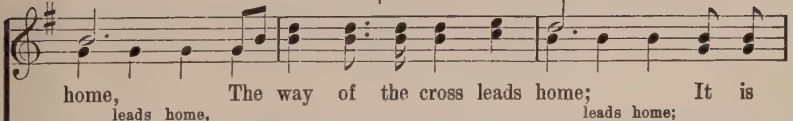
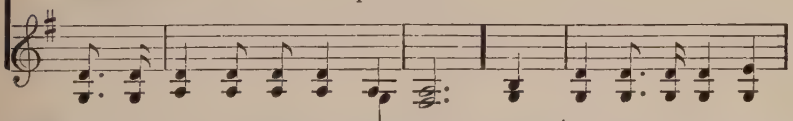
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprin-kled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.



Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a - round you, find some one in need, Help some-
 2. Man - y are wait - ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-
 3. Man - y have bur - dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-
 4. Some are dis - cour - aged and wear - y in heart, Help some-

bod - y to - day! Th' it be lit - tle— a neigh - bor - ly deed—
 bod - y to - day! Thou hast a mes - sage, O let it be heard,
 bod - y to - day! Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry - where,
 bod - y to - day! Some one the jour - ney to heav - en should start;

CHORUS.

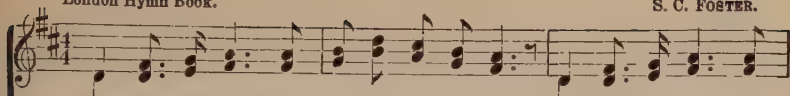
Help some - bod - y to - day! Help some - bod - y to - day,
to - day,

Some - bod - y a - long life's ways; Let sor - row be end - ed,
home - ward way;

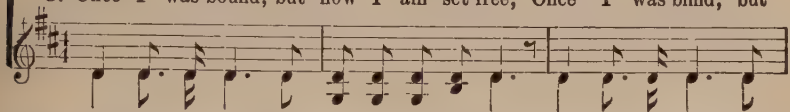
The friend - less be - friend - ed, Oh, help some - bod - y to - day!

London Hymn Book.

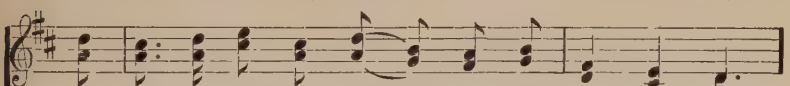
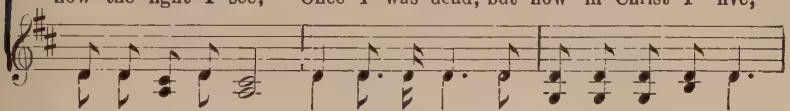
S. C. FOSTER.



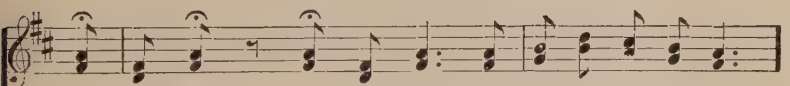
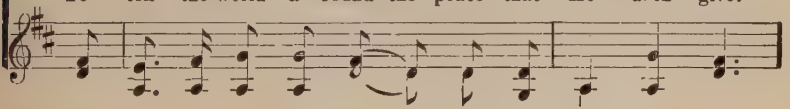
1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but



saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low,
 pass-ions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God,
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,



The pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
 But now I'm cleansed from ev-'ry stain thro' Je-sus' blood.
 To tell the world a-round the peace that He doth give.



I love Him, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me,



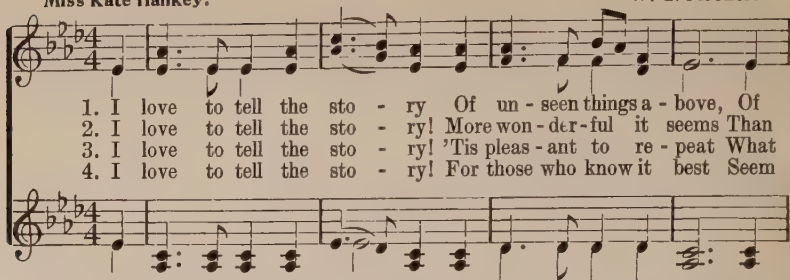
And pur-chased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.



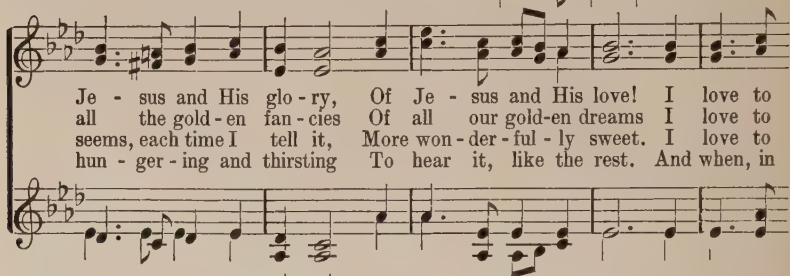
Miss Kate Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION.

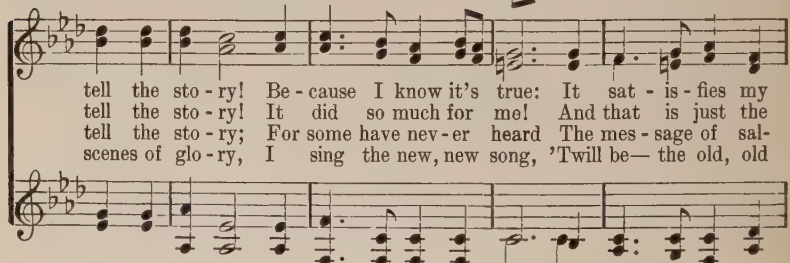
W. G. Fischer.



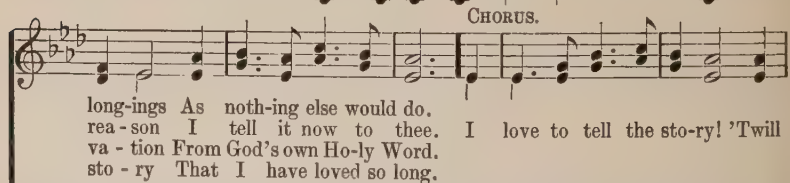
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem



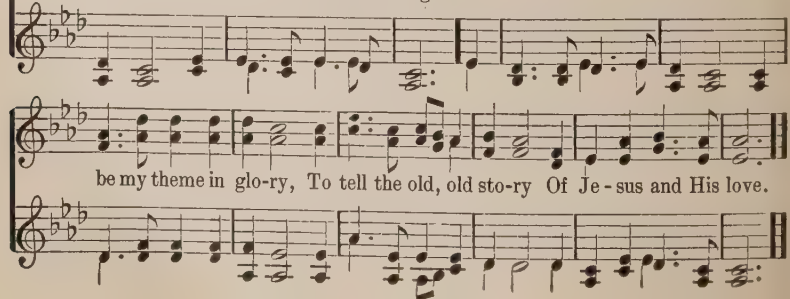
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it, like the rest. And when, in



tell the sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true: It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be— the old, old



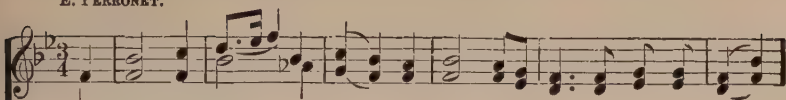
CHORUS.
 long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



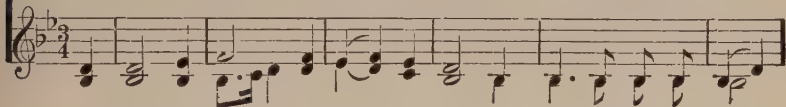
be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 27. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

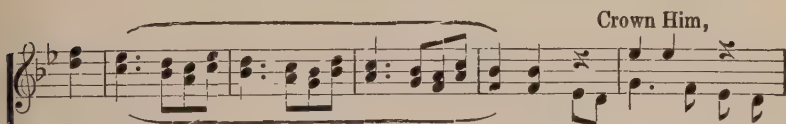
E. PERRONET.



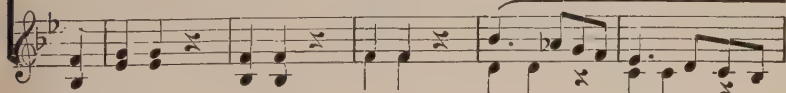
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him, crown



crown Him, Crown Him,



crown Him,

all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!



crown..... Him;

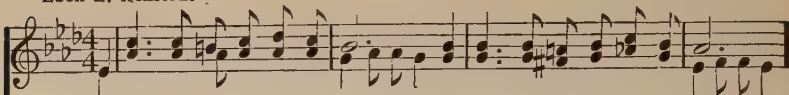
And crown Him

No. 28. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

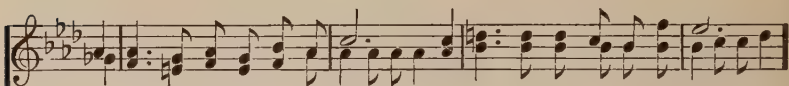
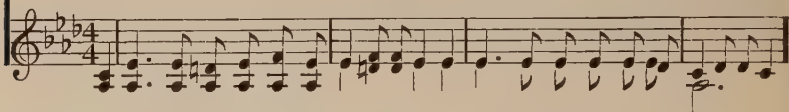
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Eben E. Rexford.

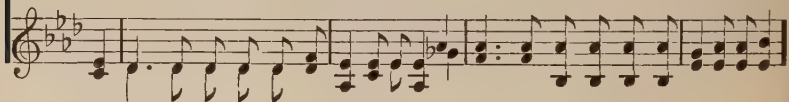
Samuel W. Beazley.



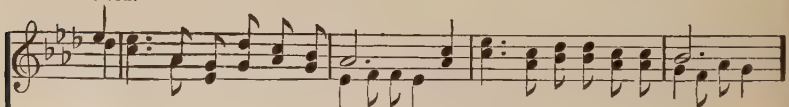
1. O do some good deed ev'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
 2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
 3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;



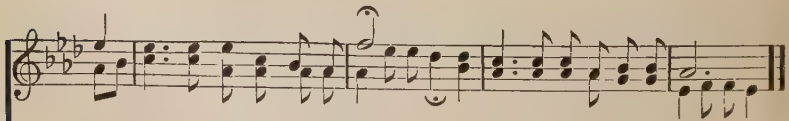
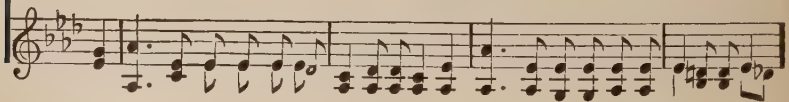
- O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
 With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
 There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.



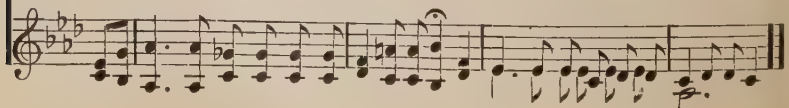
CHORUS.



- O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the loving Master say:
 ev'ry day, Mas-ter say:



- "Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."
 e'er shall be un-to Me."



The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

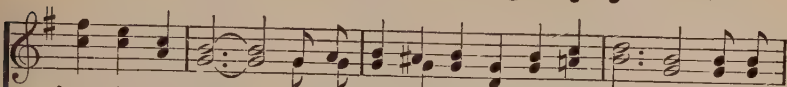
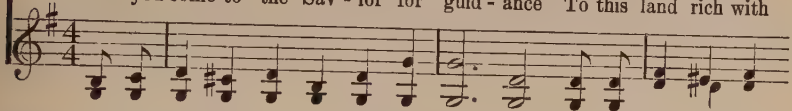
H. L.

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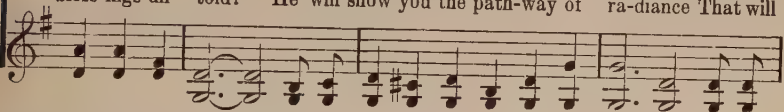
Haldor Lillenas.



1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with



beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
 mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fu - sion Far a -
 life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend-ing Tow'rd the
 bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

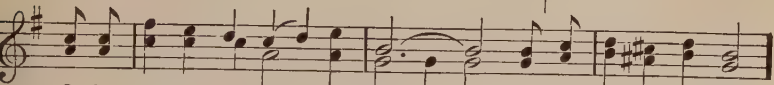
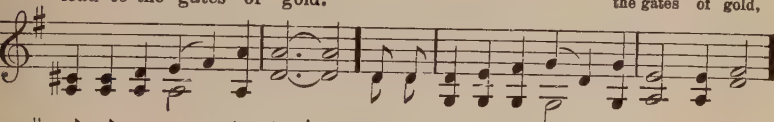


CHORUS.

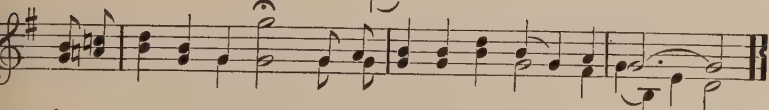
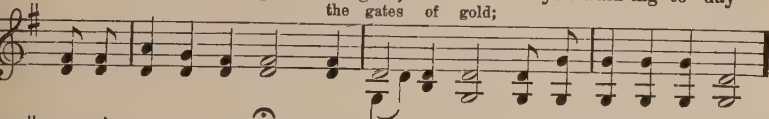
beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
 way from the gates of gold?
 beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
 lead to the gates of gold.

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold,....

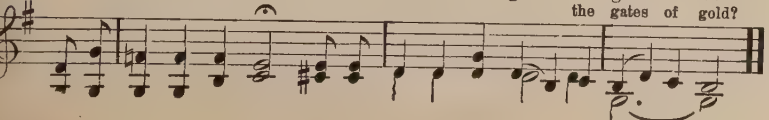
the gates of gold,



O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold;..... Are you walk-ing to-day
 the gates of gold;



in the heav-en-ward way, To the beau-ti - ful gates of gold?.....
 the gates of gold?



Our Sunset Song.

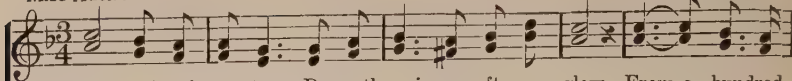
To Mrs. Adelaide Gail Jenks.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

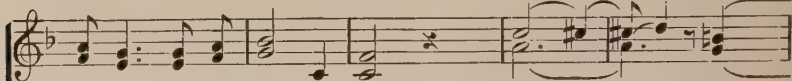
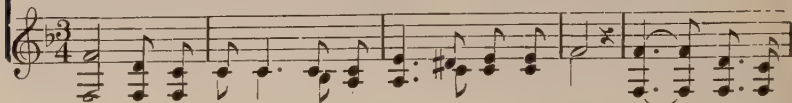
From "Juanita."

Arr. Pearl C. Hackleman.

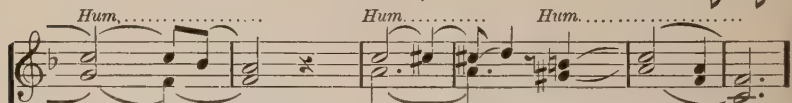
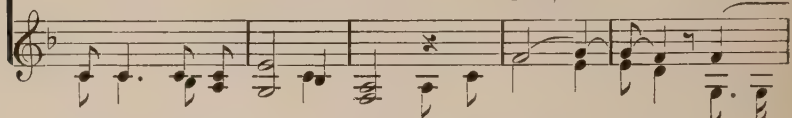
Miss Adelaide Gail Frost.



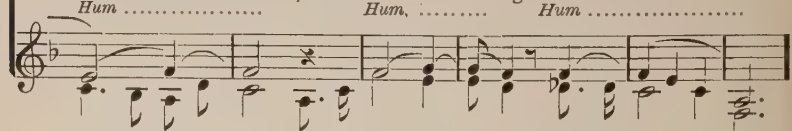
1. Now, o'er the wa-ters, Burns the crimson aft - er - glow, From a hundred
2. Well may each sun-set Bear the col - or-mark of pain, On the sky and
3. Oh! how we're longing That you know the Prince of Peace; When He shall
4. Far toward the sun-set Lies a land to pil-grims dear, But a - lone, in



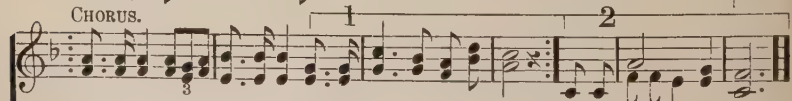
tem-ples Fades the day so slow; Where the palm-tree ris-es, Tell-ing
wa-ters, In its crim-son stain; And when fie-ry sun-gleams Fall on
en-ter, Thou shall find re-lease; When the whole world's Sav-ior Lay be-
dreaming, Do its shores draw near; But the heart grows brav-er, Look-ing



of a foreign strand, Turn our hearts in sor-row For this stran-ger land.
piles where widows died, See we then the suff'ring Centuries can-not hide.
neath the eastern star, Saw you not your day-spring Ris-ing from a - far?
toward that home-land shore, For the time is com-ing When the sea's no more.

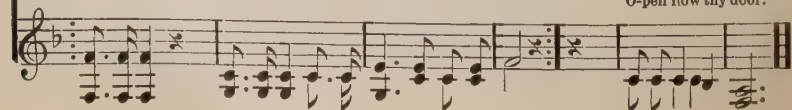


CHORUS.



In-di-a, sad In-di-a, Let the dead years speak no more; O-pen now thy door.
In-di-a, sad In-di-a, Let the dead years speak no more; O-pen now thy door.
In-di-a, oh! In-di-a, Lift your eyes from ru-ins old; Now thy light be-hold.
In-di-a, our In-di-a, We would still with thee go on; On-ward to the dawn.

O-pen now thy door.



No. 31.

That Beautiful Land.

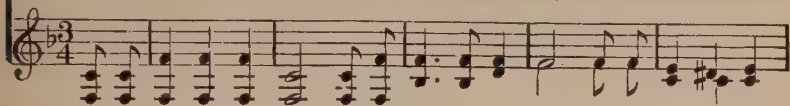
F. A. F. White.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1901, W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

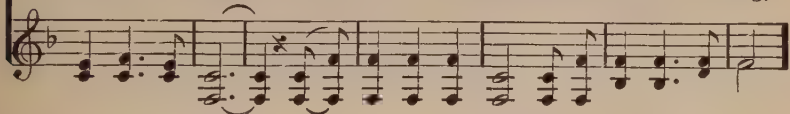
M. M. Jones. Arr.



1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand—In the Bi-ble the
2. There are ev-er-green trees, That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land At the Father's right hand, There are mansions whose



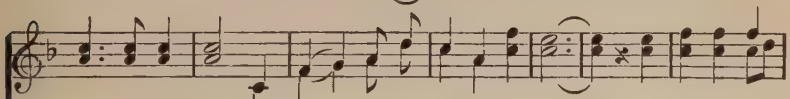
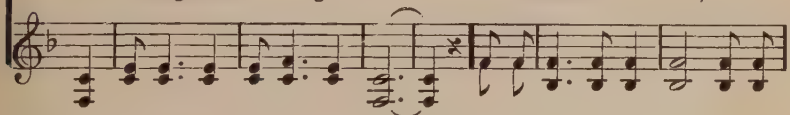
sto-ry is told— Where cares nev-er come, Nev-er darkness nor gloom,
brighter than gold; There are harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands,
joys are un-told; And pe-ren-ni-al Spring, Where the birds ev-er sing,



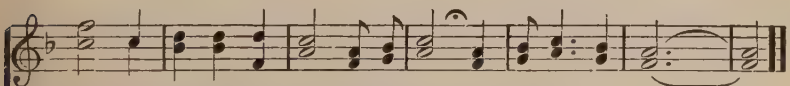
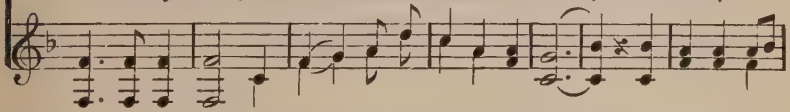
CHORUS.



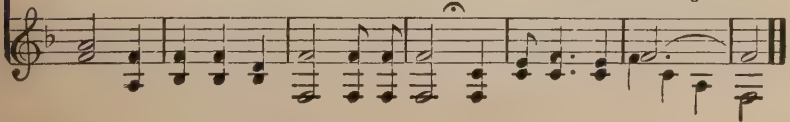
And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old. In that beau-ti-ful land, On the



far a-way strand, No storms with their blasts ev-er frown; The streets, I am



told, Are paved with pure gold; And the sun shall nev-er go down.....
shall nev-er go down.

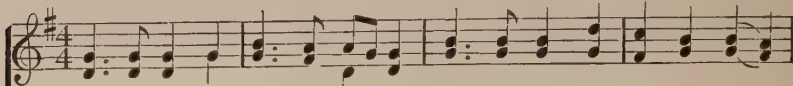


No. 32. "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken."

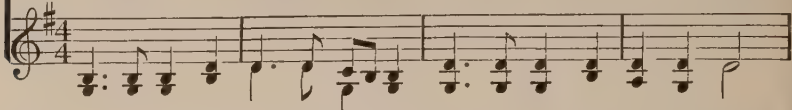
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

W. E. M. Hackleman.



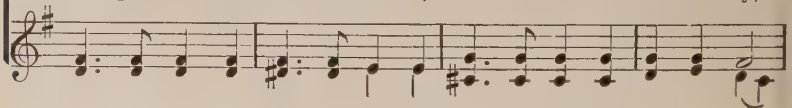
1. "Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken,"—In the vill - age choir she stood,
2. "Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken," On an out-bound ship she sang,
3. "Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken," Sang she on a trop - ic shore,
4. "Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken," Dy - ing lips now breathe the strain,



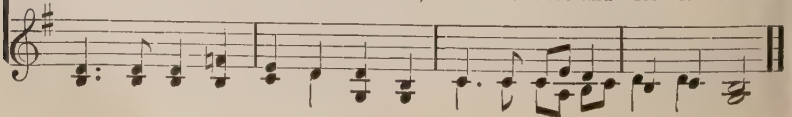
Lit - tle thought of joys for - sa - ken Min - gling with her hap - py mood;
Home and land and friends for - sa - ken, Yet the mes - sage brave - ly rang;
And the palm - trees seemed to wa - ken At the song the breez - es bore;
And the harps of heav - en wa - ken, Tak - ing up the old re - frain.



She, a maid un - touched by sad - ness, From life's weight - ing bur - den free,
Faint - er seemed the home - land slow - ly Min - gling with the pur - ple sea,
Hun - gry eyes, up - on her bend - ing, Some strange vi - sion seemed to see,
An - gels lift the cross for - ev - er, Hers the crown of vic - to - ry,



Pour - ing forth her song in glad - ness, "All to leave and fol - low Thee."
Still she sang, with face made ho - ly, "All to leave and fol - low Thee."
As she sang, with joy transcending, "All to leave and fol - low Thee."
Hers the song that fail - eth nev - er, "All to leave and fol - low Thee."



No. 33.

Silently Bury the Dead.

Jerome McCauley.

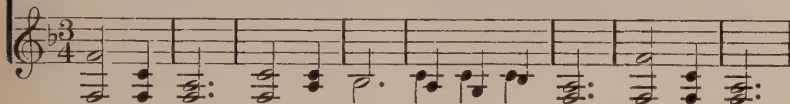
BY PERMISSION OF MRS. C. E. LESLIE.
FROM "MEMORIAL OFFERINGS."

C. E. Leslie.

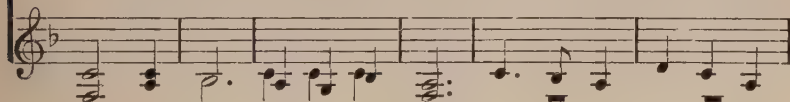
Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.

*Slowly, with expression.**p**pp**p*

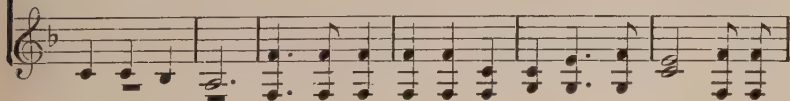
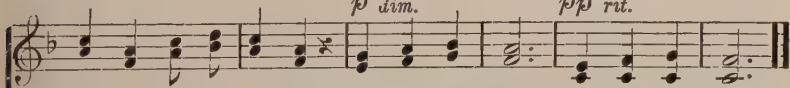
1. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, they pass a - way, Si - lent - ly,
 2. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, sweet is their sleep, Si - lent - ly,
 3. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, bur - y the dead, Si - lent - ly,
 4. Si - lent - ly, si - lent - ly, lay them to rest, Si - lent - ly,



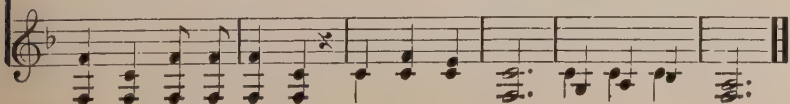
si - lent - ly, short is their stay; From earth to heav - en they've
 si - lent - ly, for them we weep; O how we mourn, and how
 si - lent - ly, their soul has fled, Up to our heav - en - ly
 si - lent - ly, God thought it best; From earth to heav - en their

*cres.**cres.*

ta - ken their flight, Far from all sor - row and pain, and the night, To their
 sad are our hearts, When from the bod - y the spir - it de - parts, But 'tis
 Fa - ther who gave, And thro' His great lov - ing - kind - ness will save: For 'tis
 Sav - ior to meet, And all the sanc - ti - fied an - gels to greet: So 'tis

*p dim.**pp rit.*

Sav - ior who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.
 Je - sus who is call - ing, Call - ing, come home, Call - ing, come home.



To my friend, John G. Quinius, Dayton, Ohio.

IRMA B. MATTHEWS.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato.
fp *rit*

Duet.

1. Some day the jour-ney will be done, Somewhere we'll find a promised rest;
2. Some day we'll meet our loved and lost, Somewhere in some far brighter land;
3. Some day our Lord will call us home, Somewhere we'll lay our burdens down;

Some day all sor-row turn to joy, Somewhere, some day we shall be blessed.
Some day we'll sing the new, new song, And join with praise an an - gel band.
Some day, if we have faith-ful been, Somewhere we will re-ceive a crown.

CHORUS.

Some day, some day, Some-where, the place we can - not see;

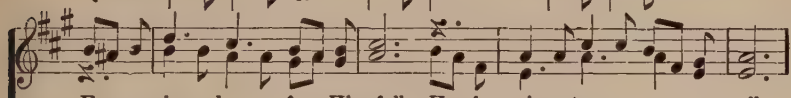
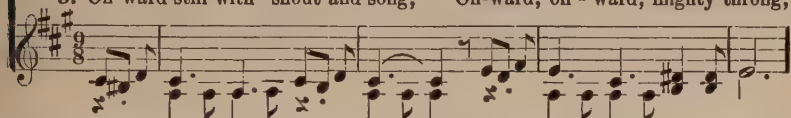
Some day, some day, Some - where the Sav - ior waits for me.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

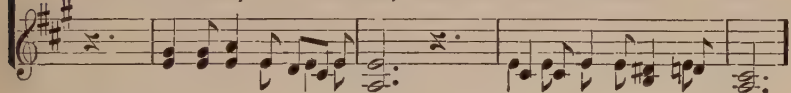
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



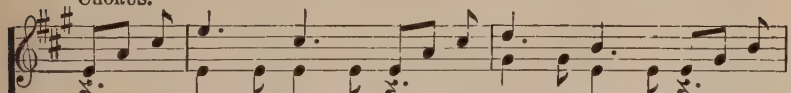
1. Songs of tri-umph let us sing, Songs of tri-umph to our King;
 2. Hail the ar-my of the Lord, Trust-ing in the Spirit's sword;
 3. On-ward still with shout and song, On-ward, on-ward, mighty throng;



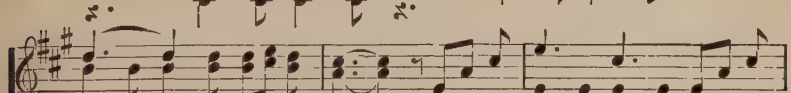
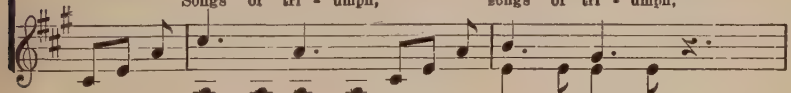
En-e-mies be-fore Him fall, He is vic-tor o-ver all.
 Tho' the gates of hell as-sail, Sure-ly they shall not pre-vail.
 Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fear, For the Lord of hosts is near.



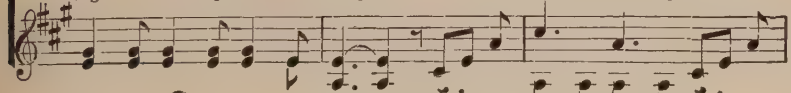
CHORUS.



Songs of tri-umph, songs of tri-umph, Songs of
 Songs of tri-umph, songs of tri-umph,



tri-umph let us sing; Songs of tri-umph, songs of
 Songs of tri-umph let us sing; Songs of tri-umph,



tri-umph, Songs of tri-umph to our King.
 songs of tri-umph, Songs of tri-umph to our King.



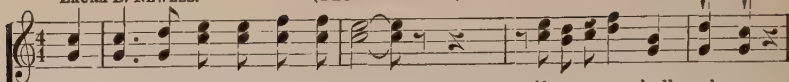
No. 36.

O Heroes Brave.

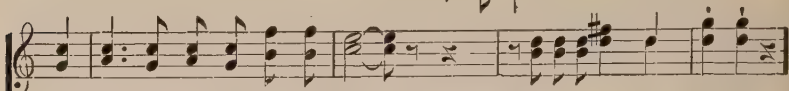
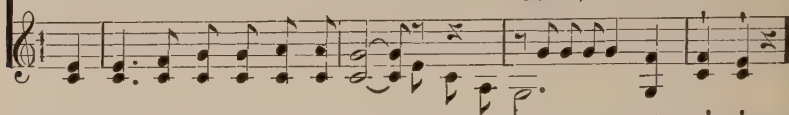
LAURA E. NEWELL.

(DECORATION DAY.)

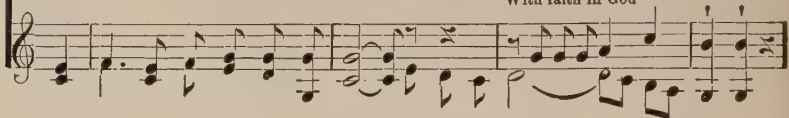
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. A na - tion's he - roes clam - ly sleep; No war, no strife shall wak - en
 2. O sol - dier boys, God on - ly knew The hearts' sad des - o - la - tion,
 3. A trib - ute fair we of - fer you, Love's to - ken, free - ly giv - en';
 No war, no strife



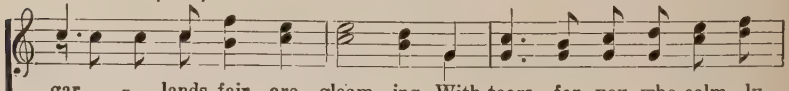
The sol - dier boys who fought and fell, With faith in God un - shaken;
 When you, Co - lumbia's val - iant sons, Went forth to save the na - tion.
 Here on the graves our blossoms lie, Kissed by the dews of heav - en.
 With faith in God



CHORUS.



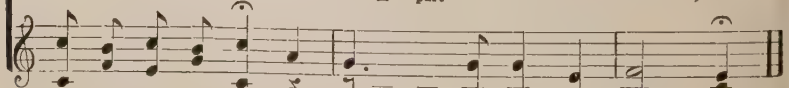
O he - roes brave, up - on each grave Our
 O he - roes up - on each grave



gar - lands fair are gleam - ing, With tears for you who calm - ly
 Our gar - lands



rest A - part life's fit - ful dream - ing.
 who calm - ly rest A - part



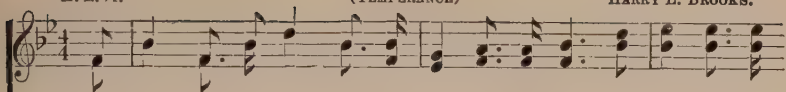
No. 37.

Arouse Ye!

H. L. F.

(TEMPERANCE)

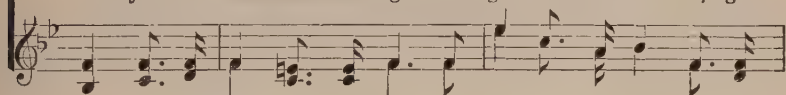
HARRY L. BROOKS.



1. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! while yet it is day; The foe is be-
 2. A - rouse ye! a - rouse ye! the Lord is your might; And He will pre-



fore us in bat - tle ar - ray. A - loft hold the ban - ner, and
 serve you thro' dark-ness and light. Swift gird on the ar - mor, go



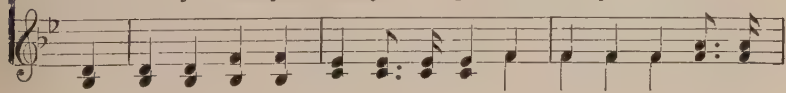
press to the fight, De - pend-ing on God who will stand by the right.
 forth to the fight, For strong is your Lead - er, He'll stand by the right.



CHORUS.



Then rouse ye in might! Go forth to the
 Then rouse ye! rouse ye! rouse ye in might! Go forth ye sol - diers of



fight, For God and for temp'rance we will stand for the right.
 Christ, to the fight!

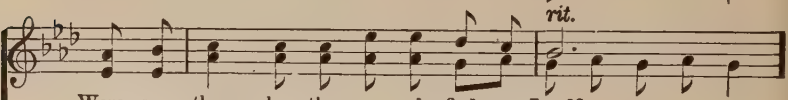
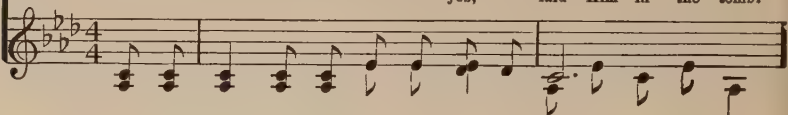


Fisk.

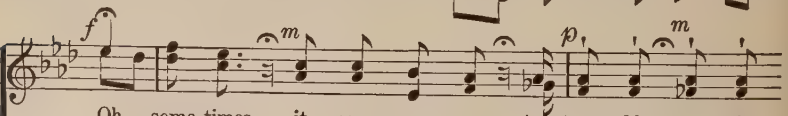
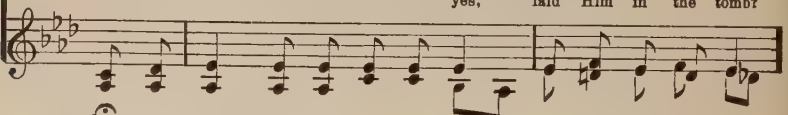
Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.



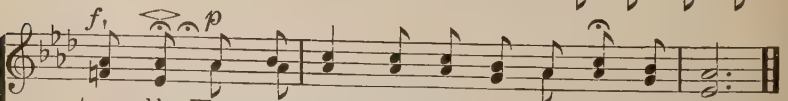
1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
 3. Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
 4. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
- cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 yes, nailed Him to the cross?
 yes, pierced Him in the side?
 yes, laid Him in the tomb?



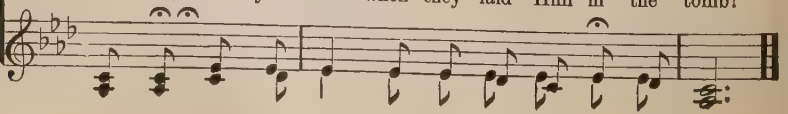
- Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
 Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
 Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
- cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 yes, nailed Him to the cross?
 yes, pierced Him in the side?
 yes, laid Him in the tomb?



- Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
 Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
 Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,
 Oh, some-times it caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble,



- trem - ble, Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
 trem - ble, Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross?
 trem - ble, Were you there when they pierced Him in the side?
 trem - ble, Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?

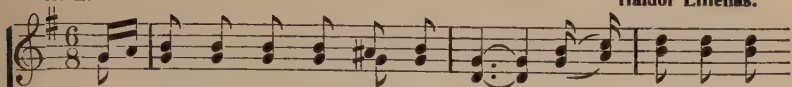


O What Must It Be to Be Lost?

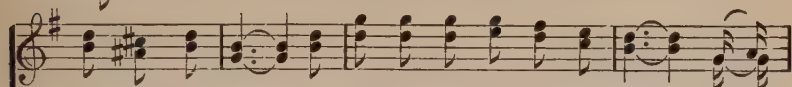
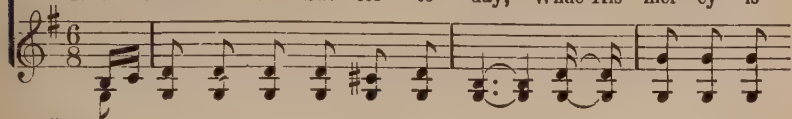
H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

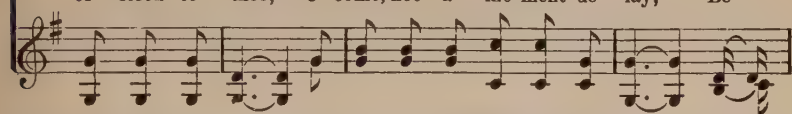
Haldor Lillenas.



1. O what must it be to be lost In the gloom of e -
 2. No smile from the Sav-ior's bright face; No peace for the
 3. No Sav-ior, no friend-ship, no love, No sun-shine, no
 4. O come to the Sav-ior to - day, While His mer-cy is

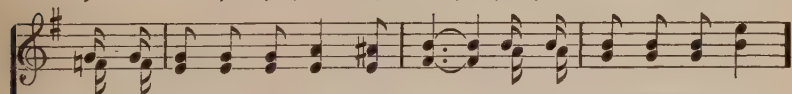
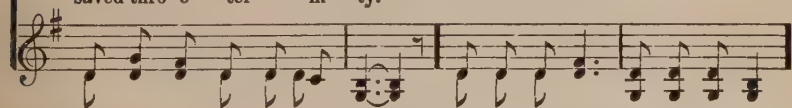


ter - ni - ty's night? O what is the in - fin - ite cost Of re -
 poor, wear - y soul; No more of God's mer - cy and grace; No
 flow - ers, no song; No light ev - er falls from a - bove - 'Tis
 of - fered to thee; O come, not a mo - ment de - lay, Be

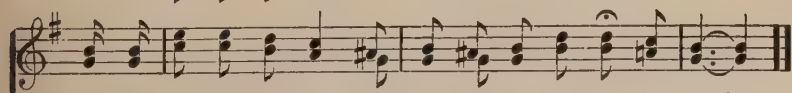
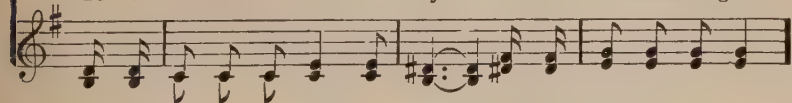


CHORUS.

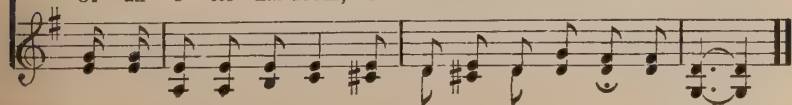
ject-ing God's mes-sage and Light?
 hope while the a - ges shall roll. What must it be, what must it be
 night, an e - ter - ni - ty long!
 saved thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



To be lost thro' e - ter - ni - ty? In the dark-ness and gloom



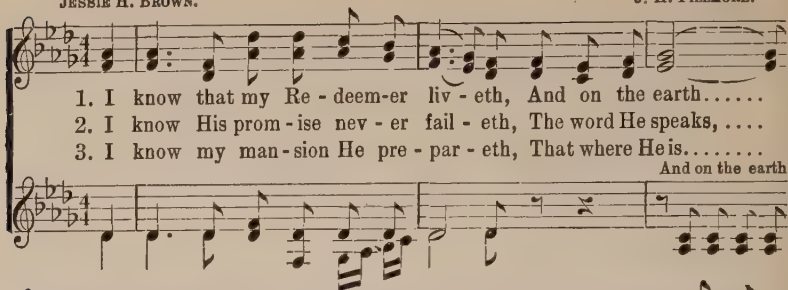
Of an e - ter - nal doom, O what must it be to be lost?



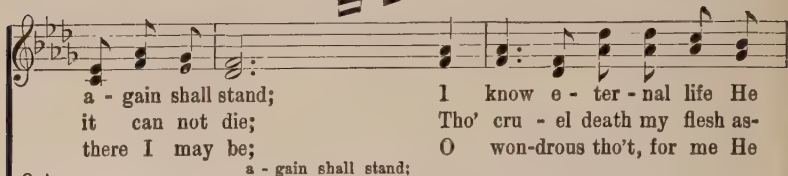
No. 40. I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

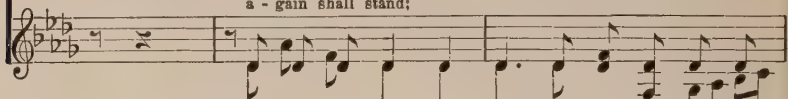
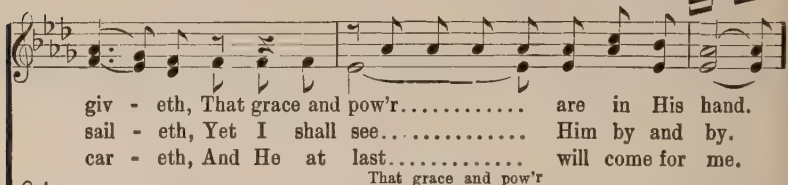
J. H. FILLMORE.



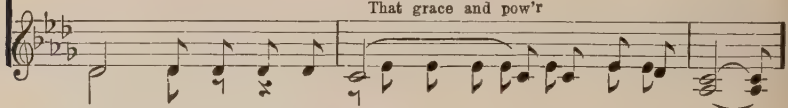
1. I know that my Re - deem - er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
 2. I know His prom - ise nev - er fail - eth, The word He speaks,
 3. I know my man - sion He pre - par - eth, That where He is.....
 And on the earth



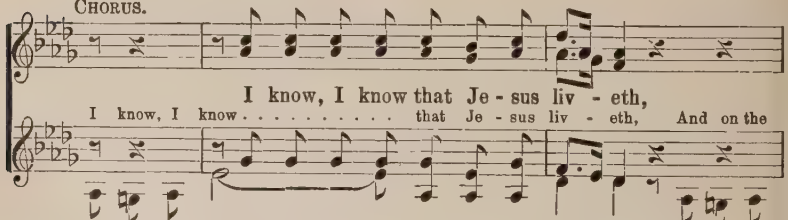
a - gain shall stand;
 it can not die;
 there I may be;
 a - gain shall stand;
 I know e - ter - nal life He
 Tho' cru - el death my flesh as -
 O won - drous tho't, for me He

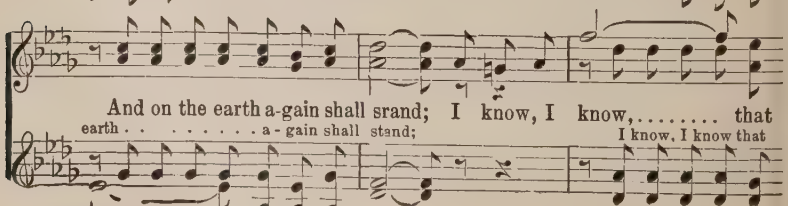
giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
 sail - eth, Yet I shall see..... Him by and by.
 car - eth, And He at last..... will come for me.
 That grace and pow'r



CHORUS.



I know, I know that Je - sus liv - eth,
 I know, I know..... that Je - sus liv - eth, And on the



And on the earth a - gain shall stand; I know, I know,..... that
 earth..... a - gain shall stand;
 I know, I know that

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

life He giv-eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in His hand.
That grace and pow'r

No. 41.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

Arr. by C. H. G.

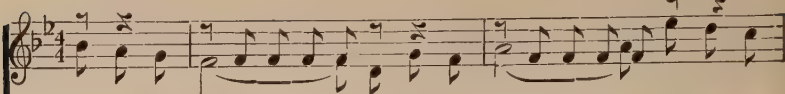
1. Lead, kindly light! a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on, The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on, I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and

dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Keep Thou my feet, I
choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on, I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The distant scene, one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while.

ISAAC WATTS.

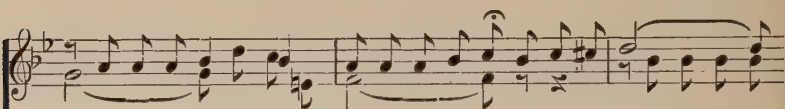
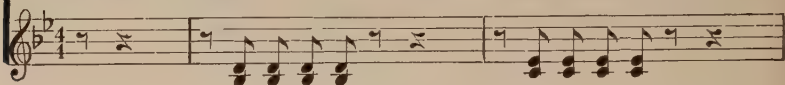
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



1. When I sur - vey..... the wondrous cross..... On which the
 2. See, from His head,..... His hands, His feet,..... Sor-row and

1. When I sur-vey

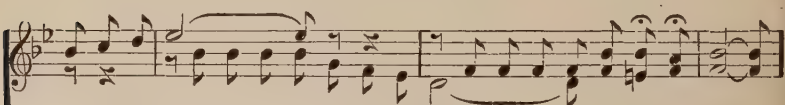
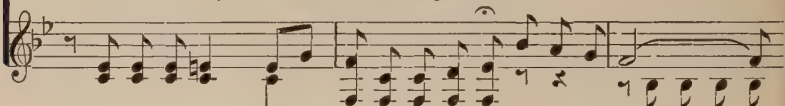
the wondrous cross



Prince..... of glo-ry died,..... My richest gain.....
 love..... flow mingled down:..... Did e'er such love.....

On which the Prince, the Prince of glo - ry died,
 Sor - row and love, and love flow mingled down:

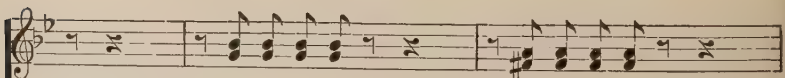
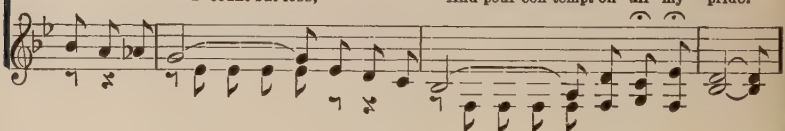
My rich-est gain



I count but loss,..... And pour contempt..... on all my pride.
 and sor-row meet,..... Or thorns com-pose..... so rich a crown.

I count but loss,

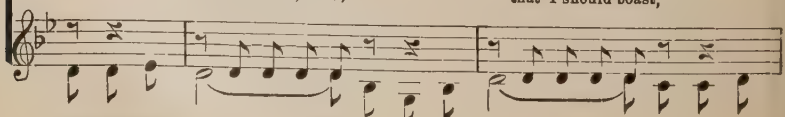
And pour con-tempt on all my pride.



For-bid it, Lord,..... that I should boast,..... Save in the
 Were the whole realm..... of na-ture mine,..... That were a

For-bid it, Lord,

that I should boast,



The Wondrous Cross.

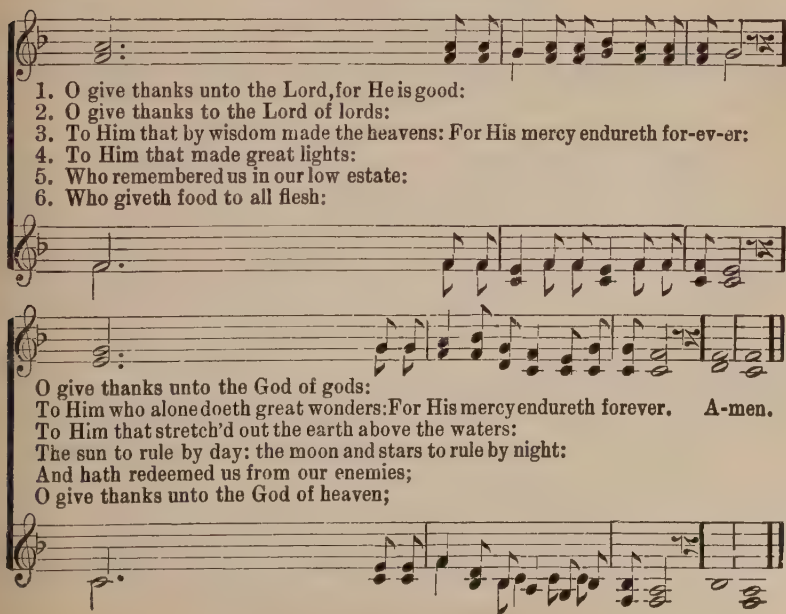


death..... of Christ my Lord;..... All the vain things..... that charm me
 gift..... by far too small;..... Love so a - maz - ing, so di-
 Save in the death of Christ my Lord; All the vain things that charm me
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-

most,..... I sac - ri - fice..... them to His blood.....
 vine,..... Demands my soul,..... my life, my all.....
 most, that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood (to His blood).
 vine, love so di-vine, Demands my soul, demands my soul, my life, my all (my life, my all).

No. 43.

His Mercy Endureth.



1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good:
2. O give thanks to the Lord of lords:
3. To Him that by wisdom made the heavens: For His mercy endureth for-ev-er:
4. To Him that made great lights:
5. Who remembered us in our low estate:
6. Who giveth food to all flesh:

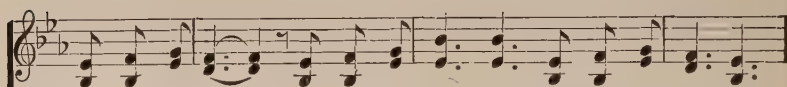
O give thanks unto the God of gods:
 To Him who alonedoeth great wonders: For His mercy endureth forever. A-men.
 To Him that stretch'd out the earth above the waters:
 The sun to rule by day: the moon and stars to rule by night:
 And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
 O give thanks unto the God of heaven;

E. A. H.

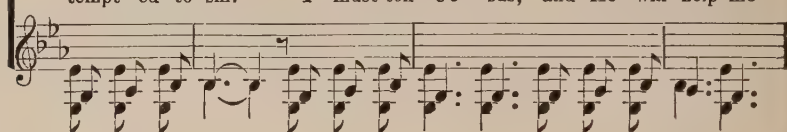
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.



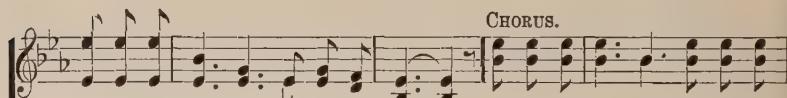
1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempt - ed and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



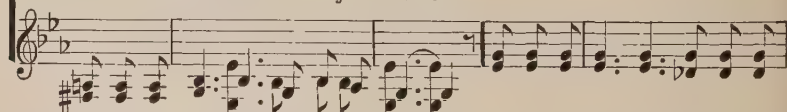
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me



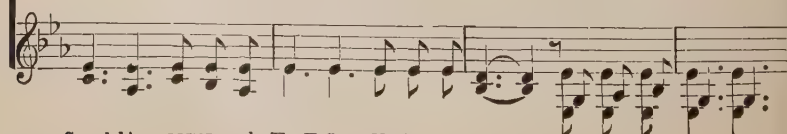
CHORUS.



He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.



Je - sus! I can - not bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus!



I Must Tell Jesus.

rit.

I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

No. 45.

Thy Will Be Done.

C. ELLIOTT, Alt.

I. V. FLAGLER.

1. My God, my Fa - ther! while I stray Far from my
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be
3. Re - new my will from day to day, Blend it with
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more, The prayer oft

home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my
 still, and mur - mur not, But breathe the pray'r di -
 Thine, and take a - way, All now that makes it
 mixed with tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a

heart to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 - vine - ly taught: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 hard to say: Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 hap - pier shore, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

No. 46. Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

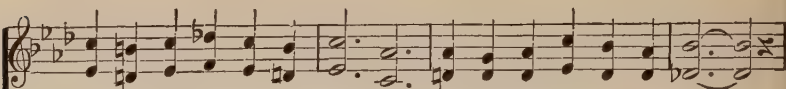
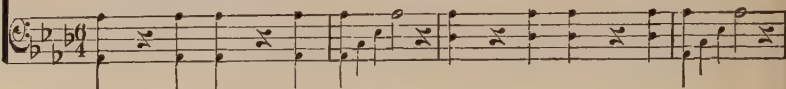
Mrs. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

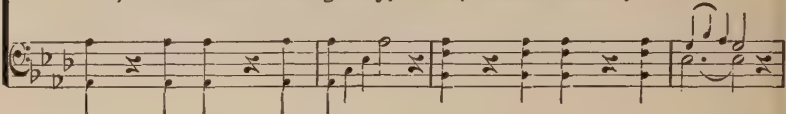
Duet.



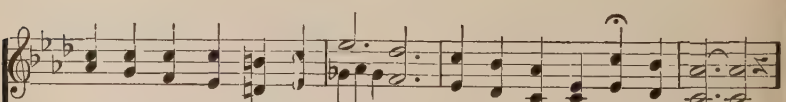
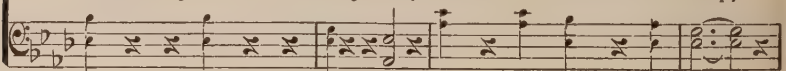
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the waters and "still;"



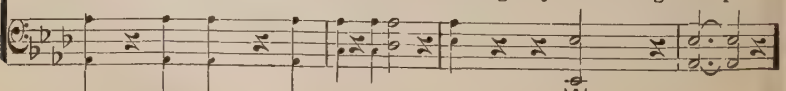
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and help-less and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wan-der'd Out in the des-ert to pine.
Lord, we will an-swer Thee glad-ly, "Yes, blessed Mas-ter, we will!



Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "oth-er" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek-ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost,
Hark! He is ear-nest-ly call-ing, Ten-der-ly plead-ing to-day;
Make us Thy true un-der-shepherds, Give us a love that is deep;



O-ver the mountains He fol-lows, O-ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re-joic-ing, Saved at such in-fi-nite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shel-ter a-stray?"
Send us out in-to the des-ert Seek-ing Thy wan-der-ing sheep."



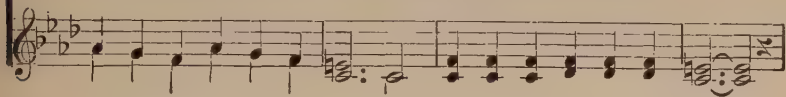
Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS.

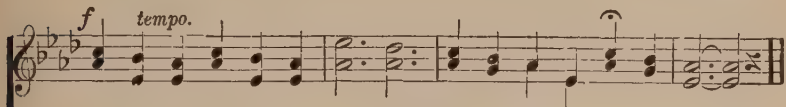
poco rit.



Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold;

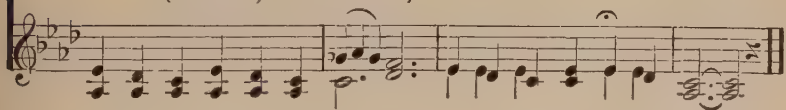


f tempo.



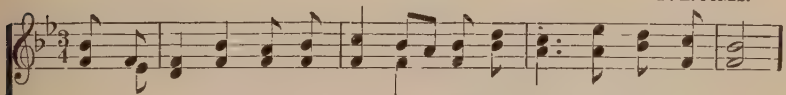
Off to the res-cue He hast-ens, Bring-ing them back to the fold.

(4th verse.) we'll hast-en,

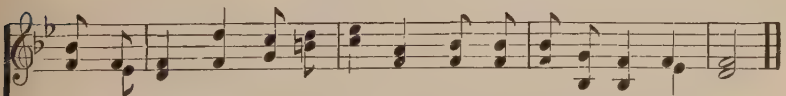


No. 47. Silently the Shades of Evening.

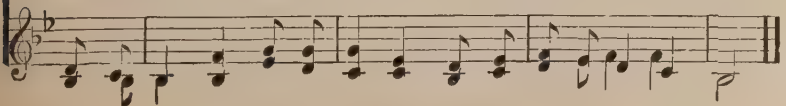
D. E. JONES.



1. Si-lent-ly the shades of ev-'ning Gath-er 'round my low-ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for-got!
3. Liv-ing in the si-lent hours, Where our spir-its on-ly blend,
4. How such ho-ly mem-'ries clus-ter, Like the stars when storms are past;

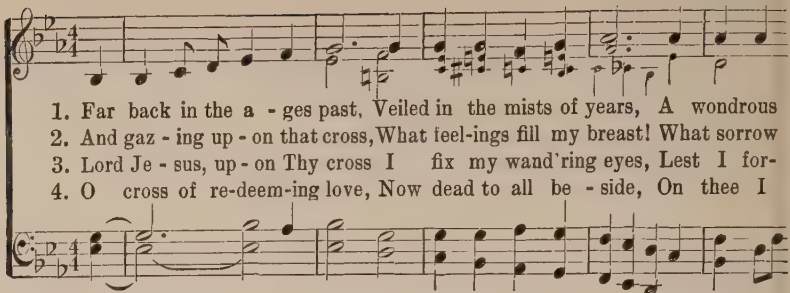


Si-lent-ly they bring be-före me, Fac-es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone-ly! In our hearts they per-ish not.
 They, un-linked with earth-ly troub-le; We, still hop-ing for its end.
 Point-ing up to that far ha-ven We may hope to gain at last.

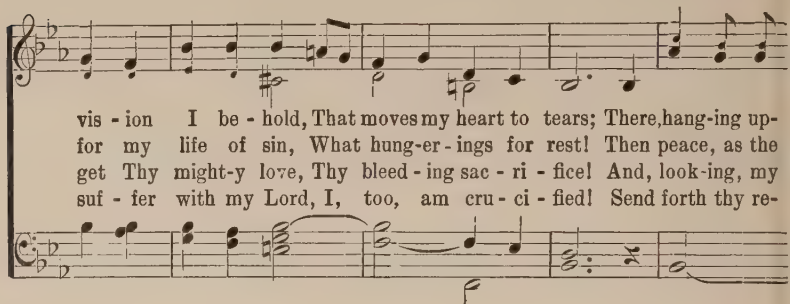


Rev. T. O. CHISHOLM.

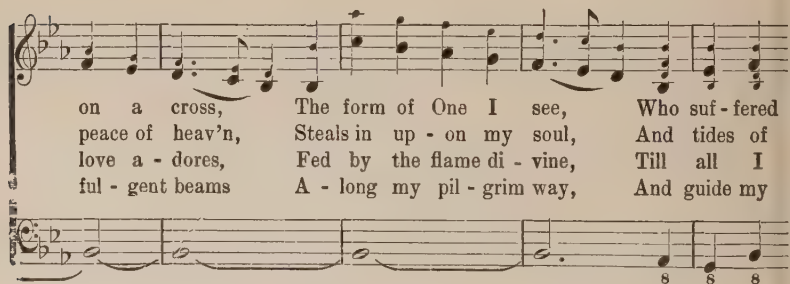
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



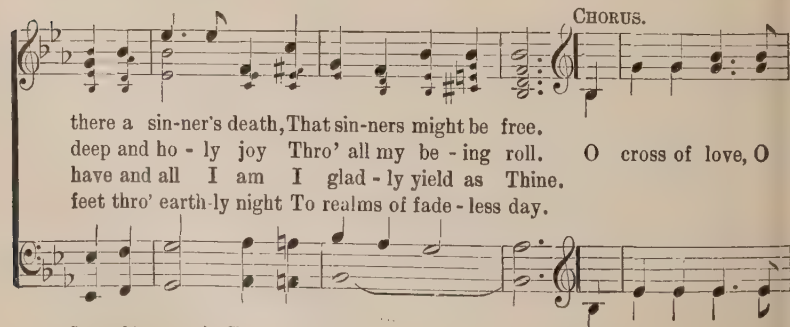
1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mists of years, A wondrous
 2. And gaz - ing up - on that cross, What feel - ings fill my breast! What sorrow
 3. Lord Je - sus, up - on Thy cross I fix my wand'ring eyes, Lest I for -
 4. O cross of re - deem - ing love, Now dead to all be - side, On thee I



vis - ion I be - hold, That moves my heart to tears; There, hang - ing up -
 for my life of sin, What hung - er - ings for rest! Then peace, as the
 get Thy might - y love, Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice! And, look - ing, my
 suf - fer with my Lord, I, too, am cru - ci - fied! Send forth thy re -



on a cross, The form of One I see, Who suf - fered
 peace of heav'n, Steals in up - on my soul, And tides of
 love a - dores, Fed by the flame di - vine, Till all I
 ful - gent beams A - long my pil - grim way, And guide my



CHORUS.
 there a sin - ner's death, That sin - ners might be free.
 deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll. O cross of love, O
 have and all I am I glad - ly yield as Thine.
 feet thro' earth - ly night To realms of fade - less day.

O Cross of Love.

cross of pain, My glo - ry and my pleal Up - on thy arms ex -

tend - ed wide, Christ Je - sus died for me, Christ Je - sus died for me.

The musical score for 'O Cross of Love' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has two staves: the top staff is a treble clef with a melody, and the bottom staff is a bass clef with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system also has two staves with similar melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words split across lines.

No. 49.

All Hail the Power.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

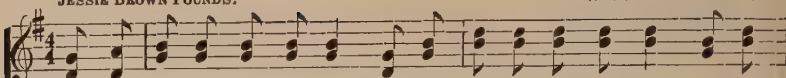
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

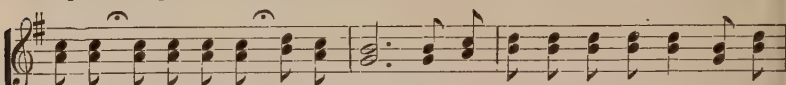
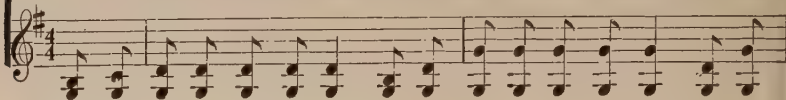
The musical score for 'All Hail the Power' is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has two staves: the top staff is a treble clef with a melody, and the bottom staff is a bass clef with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system also has two staves with similar melody and accompaniment. The third system has two staves with similar melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are placed below the staves, with some words split across lines.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

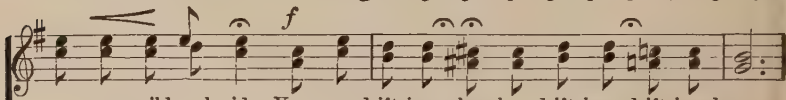
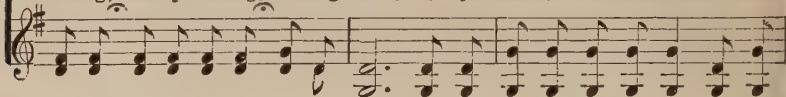
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



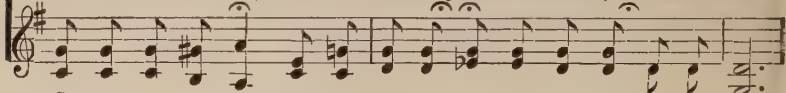
1. You are drift-ing far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
2. Lights up-on the Home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
3. Voic - es from the Home-land shore fainter grow as they im-plore, You are



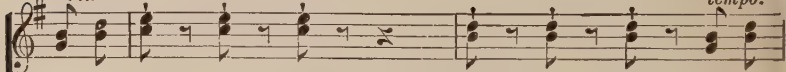
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, You are drift-ing with the tide to the
drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, drifting down, Soon be-yond the har-bor bar, will your
drift-ing, slow ly drifting, drifting down, O, my brother, do not wait! heed them



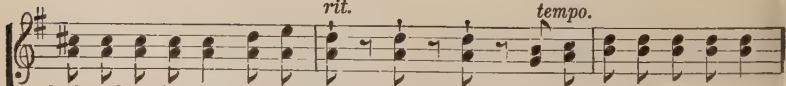
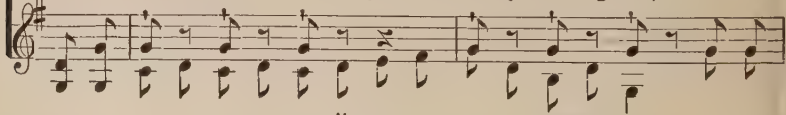
o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
ere it be too late, Ere for - ev - er you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.



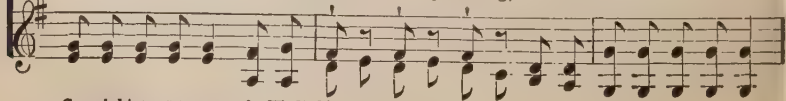
CHORUS.

*rit.**tempo.*

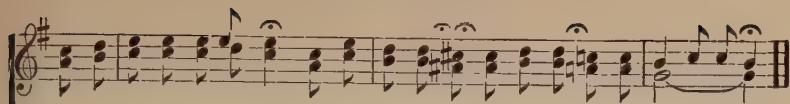
You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down, To the
You are drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing, you are slow-ly drift-ing down,



dark and aw-ful sea, You are drift - ing down, From a loving Father's care,
drift-ing, slow-ly drift-ing,

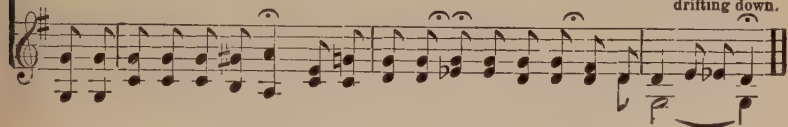


Drifting Down.



To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down....

drifting down.



No. 51.

More Holiness Give Me.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

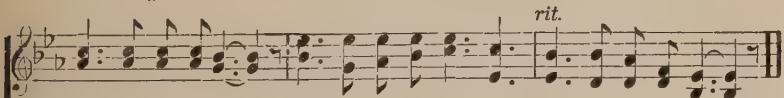
Trio.



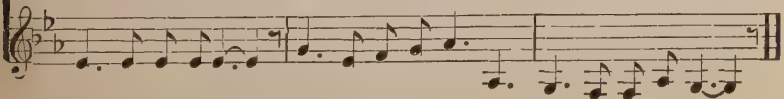
- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. More ho - li - ness give me, | More striv - ings with - in; | More pa - |
| 2. More grat - i - tude give me, | More trust in the Lord; | More pride |
| 3. More pur - i - ty give me, | More strength to o'er - come; | More free - |



tience in suf - f'ring,	More sor - row for sin;	More faith in my Sav - ior
in His glo - ry,	More hope in His Word;	More tears for His sor - rows,
dom from earth - stains,	More longings for home;	More fit for the king dom,



More sense of His care; More joy in His serv - ice, More pur - pose in pray'r.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More used would I be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like thee.



Dedicated to C. H. Hohgatt.

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James Rowe.

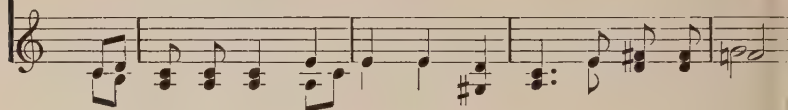
B. D. Ackley.



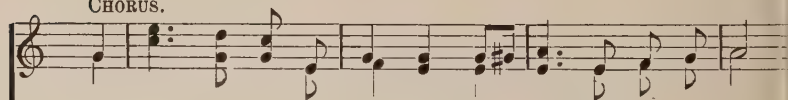
1. My trust is in my Sav - ior, I share His grace di - vine;
2. For years His love I slight - ed, Went far in sin and shame;
3. He came to earth and sought me, He set my poor soul free:
4. Will you not come ac - cept Him, Your all to Him re - sign,



Be - liev - ing in His prom - ise, I know that He is mine!
 But now I have for - give - ness, O praise His glo - rious name!
 Some day I'll go to heav - en, With Him to ev - er be!
 That you may have the full - ness Of peace that now is mine?



CHORUS.



He's mine, and so I praise Him, And spread His truth a - broad;



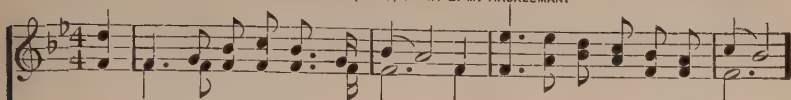
He's mine, and so I praise Him, He's mine, yes, He is mine!



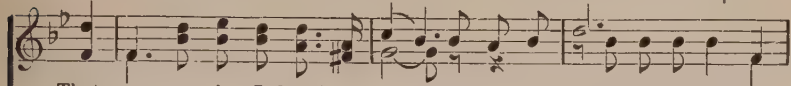
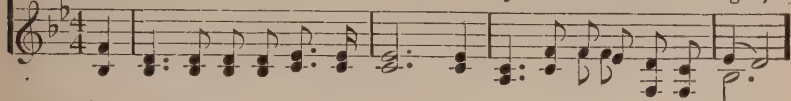
Chas. D. Meigs.

WORDS COPYRIGHT, 1907 BY CHAS. D. MEIGS.
MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

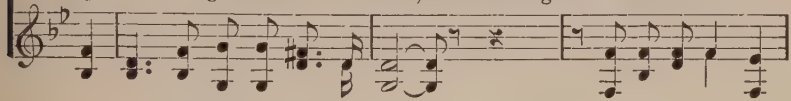
W. E. M. Hackleman.



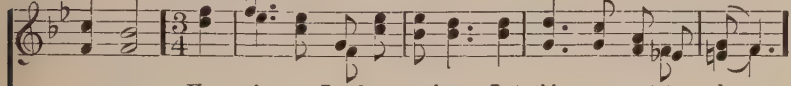
1. Lord, help me live from day to day, In such a self-for-get-ful way,
2. Help me in all the work I do, To ev - er be sin-cere and true,
3. Let "Self" be cru-ci-fied and slain, And bur-ied deep, nor rise a - gain;
4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in heav'n's begun,



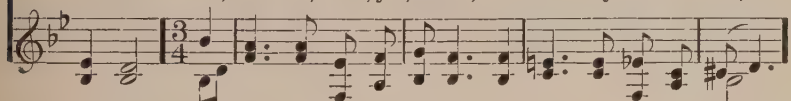
That e - ven when I kneel to pray, My prayer shall be (My prayer shall be) for
And know that all I'd do for you, Must needs be done (Must needs be done) for
And may all ef-forts be in vain, Un - less they be (Un-less they be) for
May I for-get the crown I've won, While thinking still (While thinking still) of



CHORUS.



OTH-ERS. Yes, oth - ers, Lord, yes, others, Let this my mot-to be;



cres

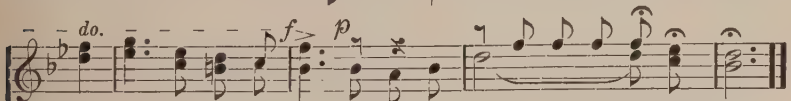
cen



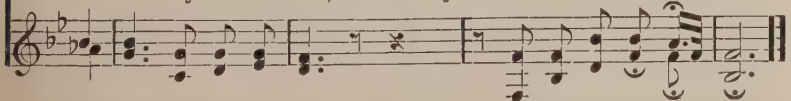
Help me to live for oth-ers, Help me to live for oth-ers,



do.



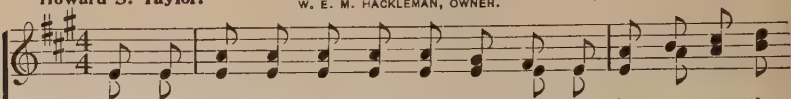
That I may live like Thee, That I may live (That I may live) like Thee.



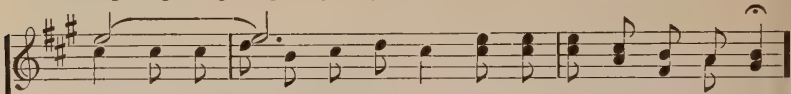
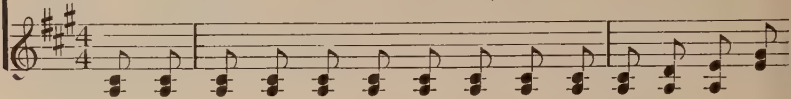
Howard S. Taylor.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

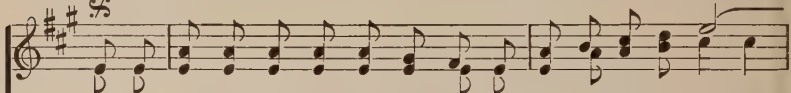
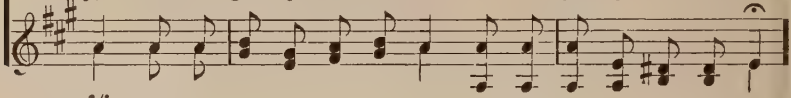
Dr. J. B. Herbert.



1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
 2. Oh, the might - y God has spo - ken, For the chil-dren whom He
 3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es



wave, And a path-way thro' the sea, And a path-way thro' the sea;
 loves, He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
 by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see;



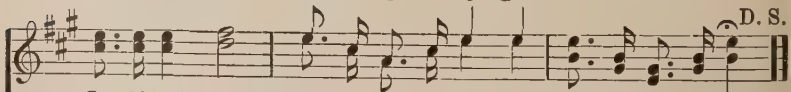
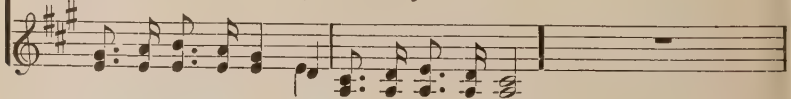
And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with-out a slave! Oh,
 Up, O Ja - cob! heed the to - ken, When the fier - y pil-lar moves! Oh,
 For He o - pens and He clo - ses With a pow - er great and high, Oh,

D. S.—For the yoke of Rum is bro - ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,

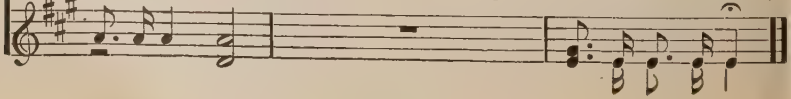


FINE. CHORUS.

sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi-lee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi-lee! Ju - bi-lee! ju - bi-lee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi-lee!
 sound the ju - bi-lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi-lee!



Ju - bi-lee! come! Sound the sil - ver trump-et, Call the chil-dren home;



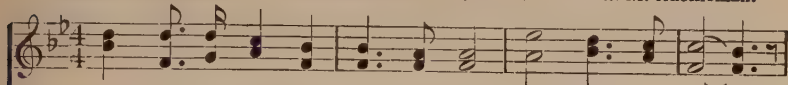
Just for To-day.

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Bishop Wilberforce.

The Standard Pub. Co., Owner.

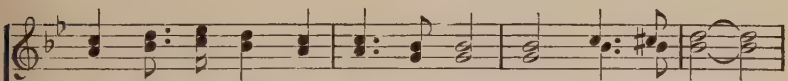
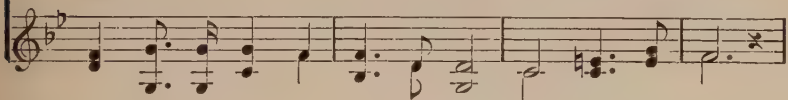
W. E. M. Hackleman.



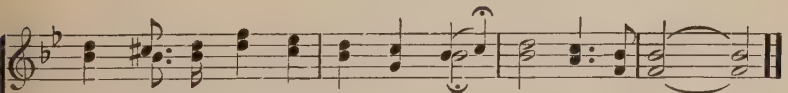
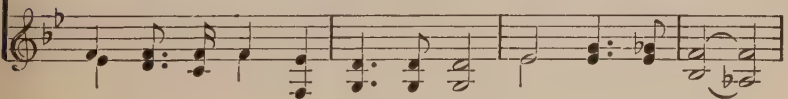
1. Lord, for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray;
 2. Let me both dil - i - gent - ly work, And du - ly pray;
 3. In pain and sor - row's cleans - ing fires, Brief be my stay;



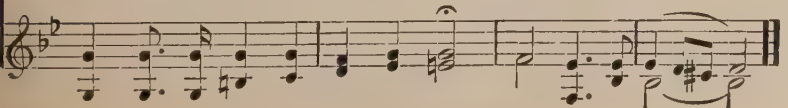
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin, Just for to - day.
 Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to - day.
 O bid me, if to - day I die, Come home to - day.



Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un - think - ing say;
 Let me be swift to do Thy will, Prompt to o - bey;
 So for to - mor - row and its needs I do not pray,

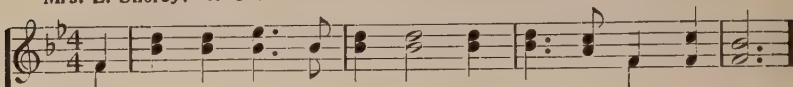


Set Thou a seal up - on my lips, Just for to - day.....
 Help me to sac - ri - fice my - self, Just for to - day.....
 But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to - day.....

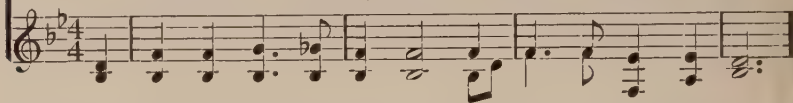


Dedicated to Wallace Tuttle.

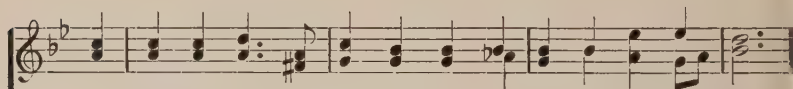
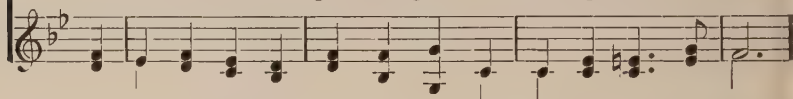
Mrs. L. Shorey. Copyright, 1915. The Standard Pub. Co., Owner, W. E. M. Hackleman.



1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. Sometimes I'm faint and wear - y, He knows that I am weak;
3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
5. He knows how I am long - ing Some wear - y soul to win,



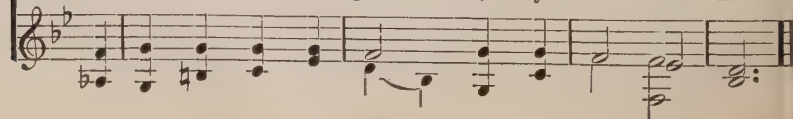
He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I'll glad - ly seek;
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the path of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky;
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
 He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die;



And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.



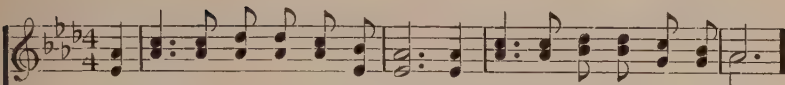
No. 57.

Redeemed By His Blood.

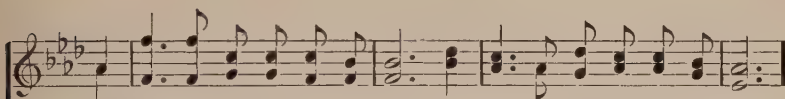
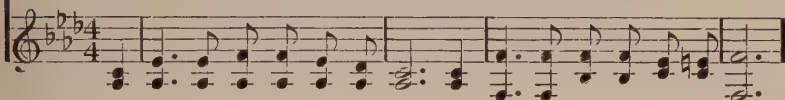
C. M. F.

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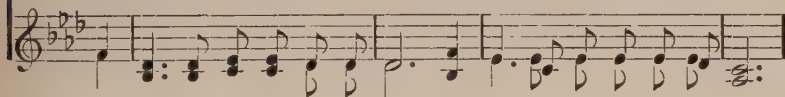
C. M. Fillmore.



1. Go with me to Geth-sem-a - ne, The Sav-ior bowed in prayer there see,
2. Go! see Him bound of hands and feet, White scourge and thong and biting lash,
3. Go! see a-gain that life-blood flow, From thorns that pierce His kindly brow,
4. Go with me now to Cal - va - ry, There see Him hang-ing on the tree



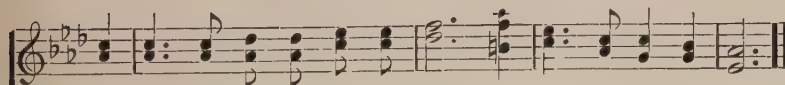
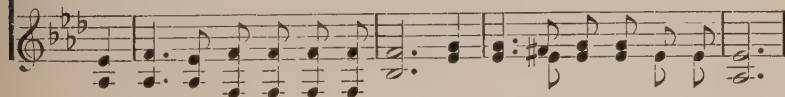
While in His bit-ter ag - o - ny He sweats great drops of blood for thee.
 Laid on by bru-tal soldiers' hands, Draw streams of blood from many a gash.
 While crowds contemptuous stand around, And, mocking, low be-fore Him bow.
 Un - til the last drops of His blood Was shed to set this vile world free.



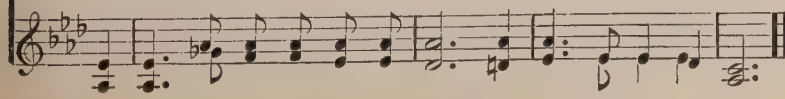
CHORUS.

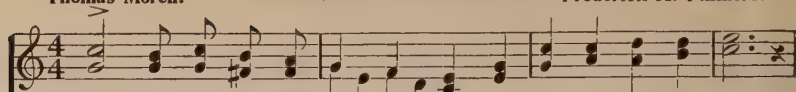


O not by sil-ver, nor by gold, Nor things cor-rupt-i - ble as these,

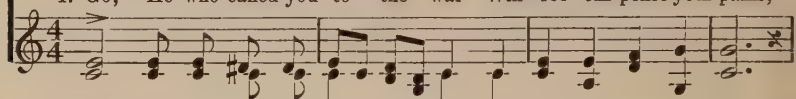


But by His pre-cious, price-less blood, Christ gained us our re - lease.

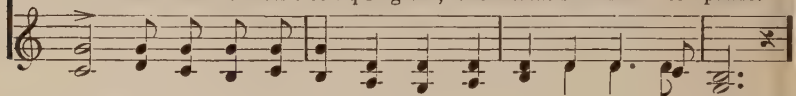




1. Go, and the Sav-ior's grace pro-claim, Ye mes-sen-gers of God;
2. Go, tho' your ar-duous task may lie Thro' re-gions dark as death;
3. Go, with de-ter-mined cour-age go, And armed with pow'r di-vine;
4. Go; He who called you to the war Will rec-om-pense your pains;



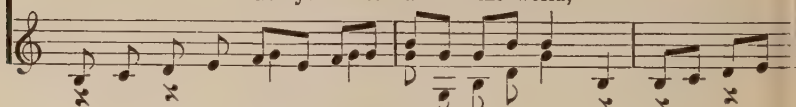
Go, pub-lish thro' Im-man-uel's name, Sal - va - tion bought with blood.
 Go, tho' your faith and zeal to try, Per - ils be - set your path.
 Go, God will need - ful aid be - stow, And on your la - bor shine.
 Be - fore Mes - si - ah's con-q'ring car, Mountains shall sink to plains.



CHORUS.



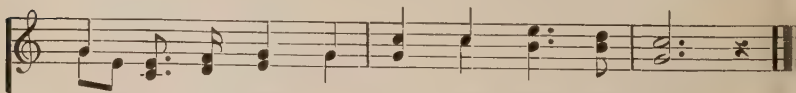
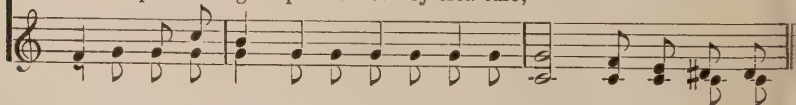
"Go ye in - to all the world, (the world,) And preach the
 "Go ye in - to all the world,



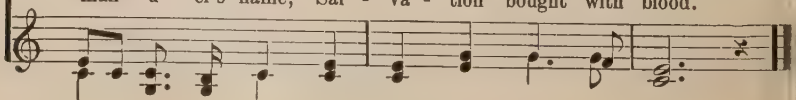
"Go ye in - to all the world,



gos - pel to ev - 'ry crea - ture;" Go, pub - lish thro' Im -
 And preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry crea - ture;"



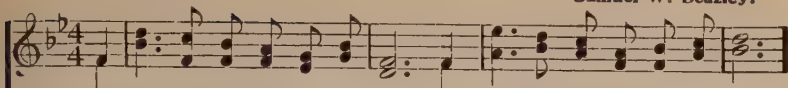
man - u - el's name, Sal - va - tion bought with blood.



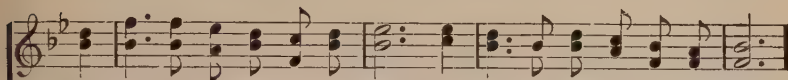
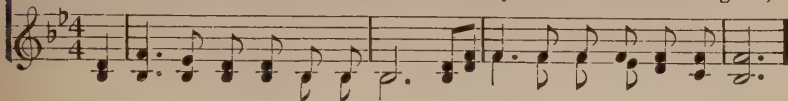
N. A. McAulay.

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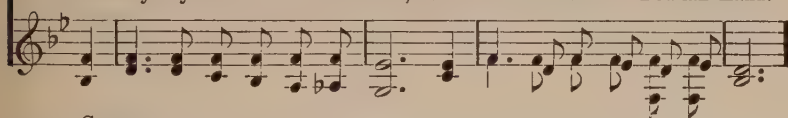
Samuel W. Beazley.



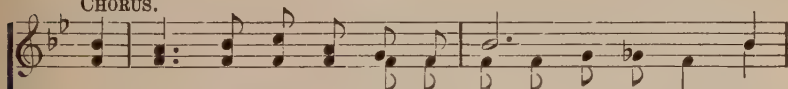
1. Some day my cross will dis - ap - pear, Some day my heart will know no fear,
2. Some day my tears will pass a - way, Some day His arms will be my stay,
3. Some day the shad - ows will be past, Some day His love will hold me fast,
4. Some day my joys will be complete, Some day the ran - somed I shall greet,



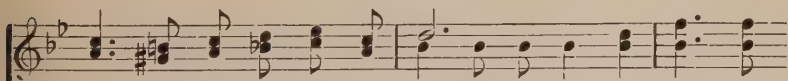
Some day my vi - sion will be clear, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.
 Some day I'll know the glo - ry - way, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.
 Some day my heav'nly joys will last, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.
 Some day my Sav - ior I shall meet, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.



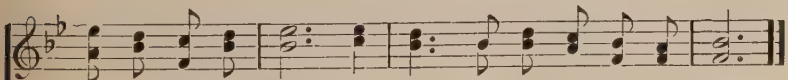
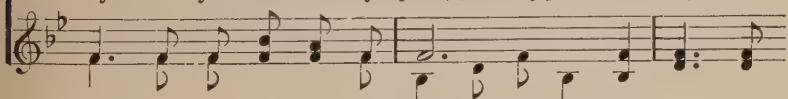
CHORUS.



Some day thro' His e - ter - nal grace, (e - ter - nal grace,) Some



day in yon - der heav'n - ly place, (heav'nly place,) Some day I'll

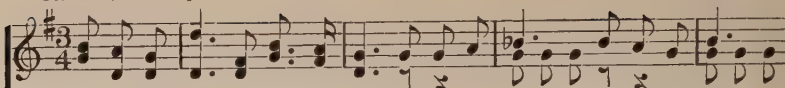


see His bless - ed face, When I shall dwell in Beu - lah Land.

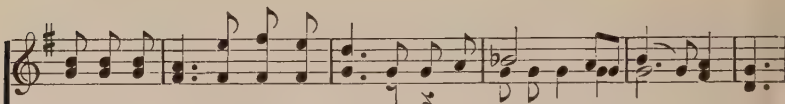


Jerome McCauley.

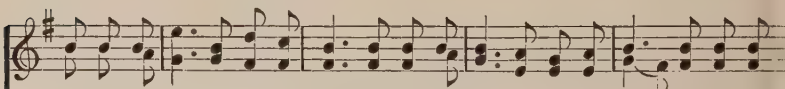
J. M. Dungan.



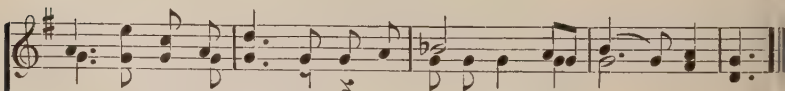
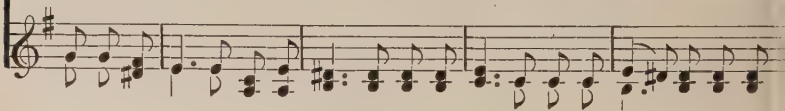
1. If we could see be-yond to - day, As God can see, As God can see,
 2. If we could know be-yond to - day, As God doth know, As God doth know,
 3. "If we could see, if we could know," We oft-en say, We oft - en say;
 1. God can see, God can see,



If all the clouds should roll a-way, The shadows flee, The shad - ows flee;
 Why dearest treasures pass a - way, And tears must flow, And tears must flow;
 But God, in love, a veil doth throw A-cross our way, A - cross our way;
 Shadows flee,

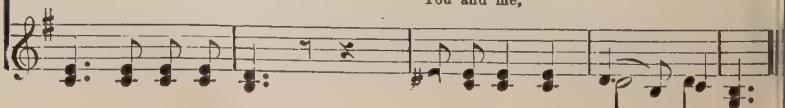


O'er pres-ent griefs we would not fret, Each sorrow we would soon for-get; For man-y
 And why the darkness leads to light, Why dreary paths will soon grow bright; Some day life'
 We can - not see what lies be - fore, And so we cling to Him the more; He leads us



joys are wait-ing yet, For you and me, For you and me.
 wrongs will be made right, Faith tells us so, Faith tells us so.
 till this life is o'er; Trust and o - bey, Trust and o - bey.

You and me,



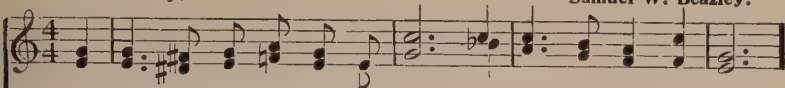
No. 61.

Some Day You Will Know Why.

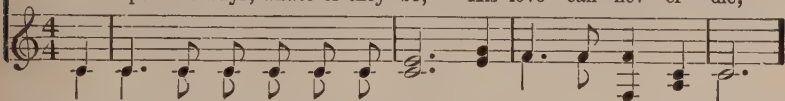
N. A. McAulay.

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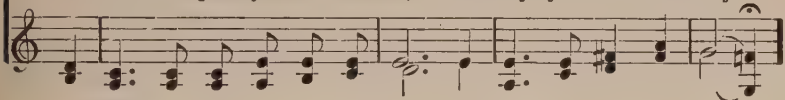
Samuel W. Beazley.



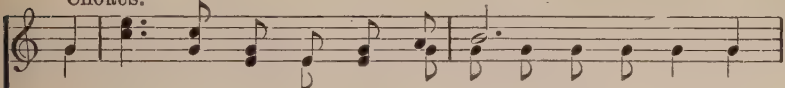
1. Al-though you can-not al-ways tell Why clouds ob-scure your sky,
 2. The cares of life may grieve your heart And oft-en make you sigh;
 3. Up-on your Fa-ther's ten-der care You al-ways can re-ly;
 4. Ac-cept His ways, whate'er they be, His love can nev-er die;



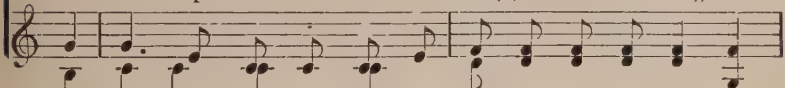
God will those shad-ows yet dis-pel,—Some day you will know why.
 Press on in faith and do your part!—Some day you will know why.
 Then glad-ly choose your cross to bear,—Some day you will know why.
 If here His plans you fail to see,—Some day you will know why.



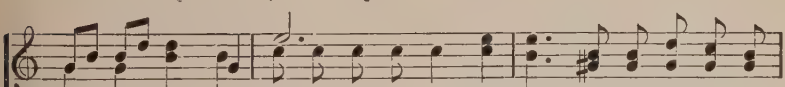
CHORUS.



Lean thou up-on the Sav-ior's arm, (the Sav-ior's arm,) He



Lean thou up-on, up-on the Sav-ior's arm,



lives for you on high; Tho' God per-mits what seems to
 He lives for you on high;



Tho' God per-mits, per-



harm, (what seems to harm,) Some day you will know why. (you will know why.)

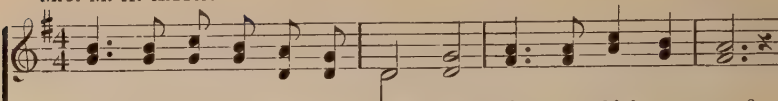


mits, what seems to harm,

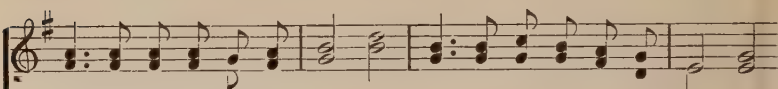
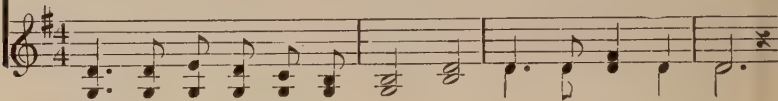
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

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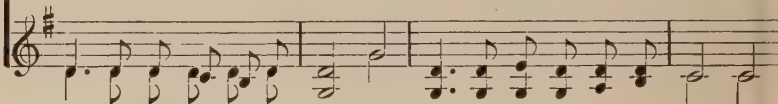
W. O. Perkins.



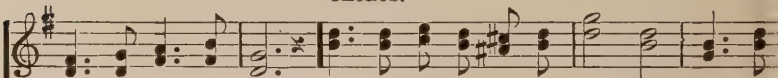
1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to pray?
2. When you meet with great temp - ta - tion, Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an - ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When sore tri - als came up - on you, Did you think to pray?



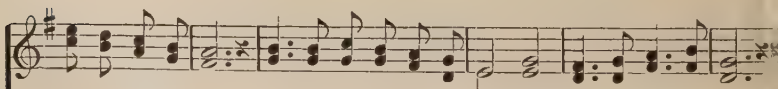
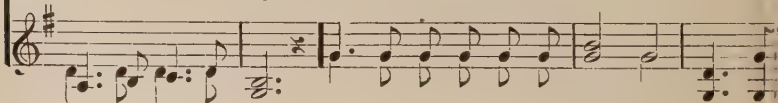
In the name of Christ our Sav - ior, Did you sue for lov - ing fa - vor,
 By His dy - ing love and mer - it, Did you claim the Ho - ly Spir - it
 Did you plead for grace, my broth - er, That you might forgive an - oth - er
 When your soul was bowed in sor - row, Balm of Gil - ead did you bor - row,



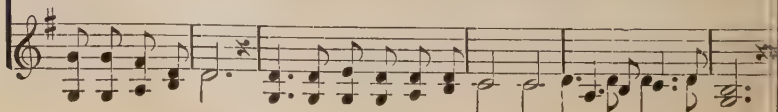
CHORUS.



As a shield to - day?
 As your guide and stay? Oh, how praying rests the wear - y! Prayer will
 Who had crossed your way?
 At the gates of day?



change the night to day; So when life seems dark and dreary, Don't forget to pray.



No. 63.

Mother Knows.

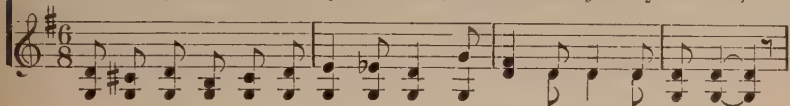
Anon.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY FLORA H. CASSEL.
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Flora Hamilton Cassel.



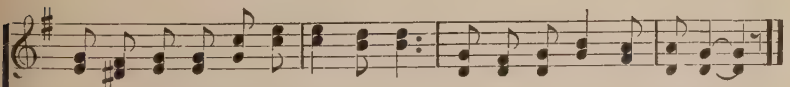
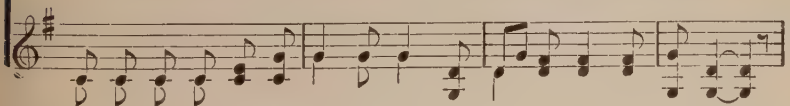
1. No - bod-y knows of the work it makes To keep the home to - geth-er,
2. No - bod-y knows of the sleep-less care Bestowed on ba - by broth-er,
3. No - bod-y knows of the anx-ious fears Lest dar-lings may not weath-er
4. No - bod-y clings to the way-ward child, Tho' scorned by ev-'ry oth - er,



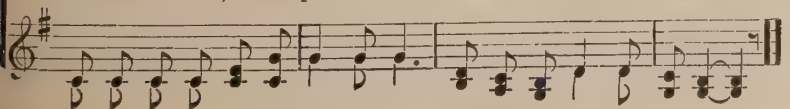
No - bod-y knows of the steps it takes, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
 No - bod-y knows of the ten-der prayer, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
 Storms of this life in the com-ing years, No-bod - y knows but moth-er;
 Leads it so gen - tly from pathways wild, No-bod - y can but moth-er;



No-bod - y lis - tens to child-ish woes, Which kiss - es on - ly smoth-er,
 No-bod - y knows of the les-sons taught, Of lov - ing one an - oth - er;
 No-bod - y knows of the tears that start, The grief she'll glad-ly smoth-er,
 No-bod - y knows of the hour - ly prayer For him, our er - ring broth-er,



No - bod-y's pained by the mighty blow, No-bod - y, — on - ly moth-er.
 No - bod-y knows of the patience sought, No-bod - y, — on - ly moth-er.
 No - bod-y knows of the breaking heart, No-bod - y, — on - ly moth-er.
 Pride of her heart, once so pure and fair, No-bod - y, — on - ly moth-er.

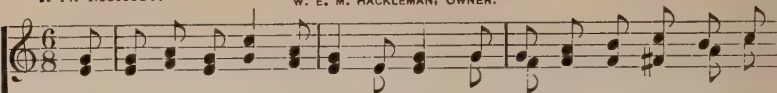


No. 64. Why Will You Go Away To-night?

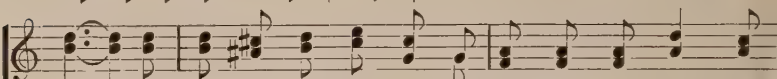
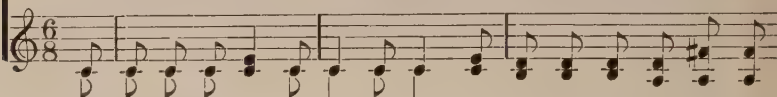
I. N. McHose.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

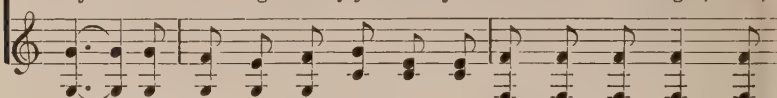
Chas. H. Gabriel.



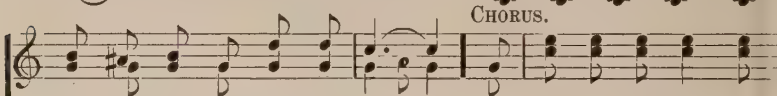
1. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Un-saved and re - ject - ing the
2. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, Not heed-ing the Spir - it's sweet
3. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, To wan-der in sin's deep-est
4. Oh, why will you go a - way to-night, You're hard'ning your heart by de-



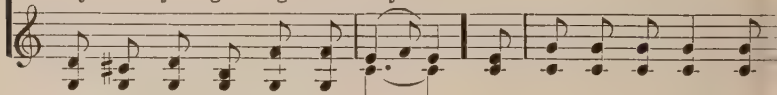
Lord? Why grope in the dark-ness, re - fus - ing the light, No
call? This may be your last in - vi - ta - tion; then come, There's
gloom? Oh, come, ere the Spir - it for-sake thee in flight, And
lay! Re - fus - ing the joys of yon heav - en so bright; Oh,



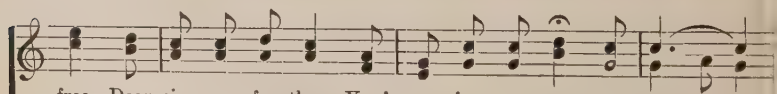
CHORUS.



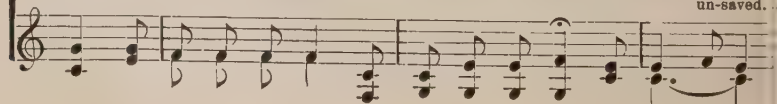
hope of a bless - ed re - ward?
room and a wel - come for all. You're go - ing a - way un -
leave you to com - fort - less doom.
why are you go - ing a - way?



saved! You're go - ing a - way un - saved, While par-don is
un-saved! un - saved,



free, Dear sin - ner, for thee, You're go - ing a - way un - saved
un-saved.



Maltbie Davenport Babcock.

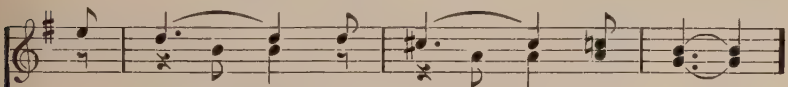
W. E. M. Hackleman.



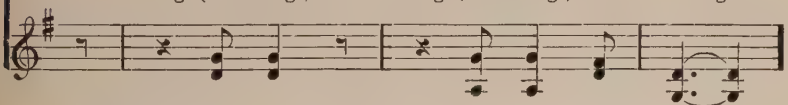
1. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to
2. Say not the days are e - vil,—who's to blame? And fold the hands and
3. It mat-ters not how deep entrenched the wrong; How hard the bat - tle



do, and loads to lift; Shun not the strug-gle! Face it! 'Tis God's gift!
 ac - qui-esce, O shame! Stand up, speak out, and brave-ly in God's name
 goes—the day how long; Faint not, fight on! To-mor-row comes the song,



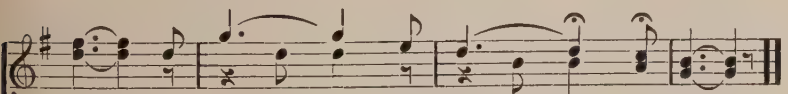
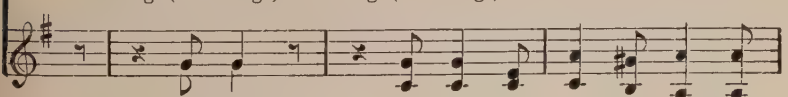
Be strong! (Be strong!) Be strong! (Be strong!) Be strong!



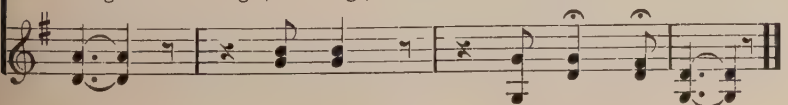
REFRAIN.



Be strong! (Be strong!) Be strong! (Be strong!) To - mor - row comes the



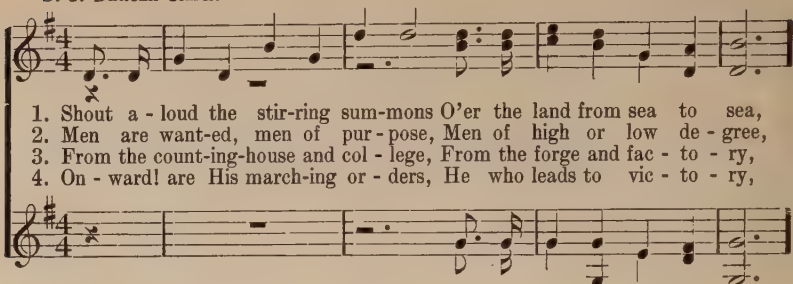
song! Be strong! (Be strong!) Be strong! (Be strong!) Be strong!



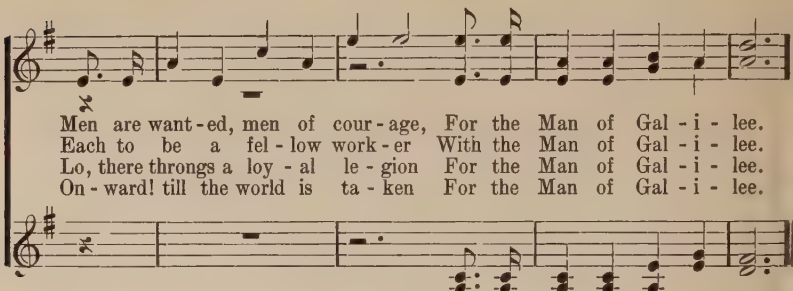
S. J. Duncan Clark.

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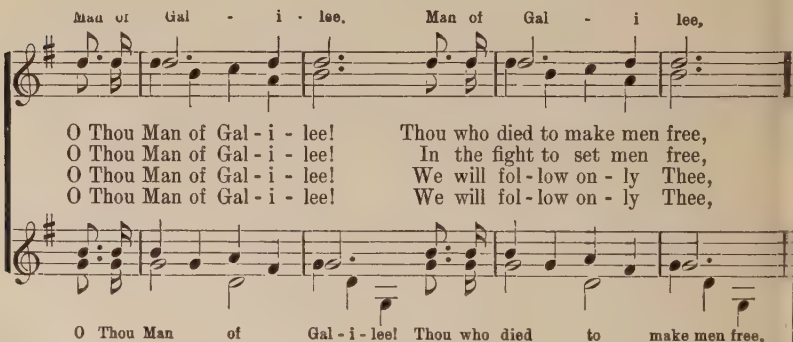
W. E. M. Hackleman.



1. Shout a - loud the stir-ring sum-mons O'er the land from sea to sea,
 2. Men are want-ed, men of pur-pose, Men of high or low de-gree,
 3. From the count-ing-house and col-lege, From the forge and fac-to-ry,
 4. On-ward! are His march-ing or-ders, He who leads to vic-to-ry,



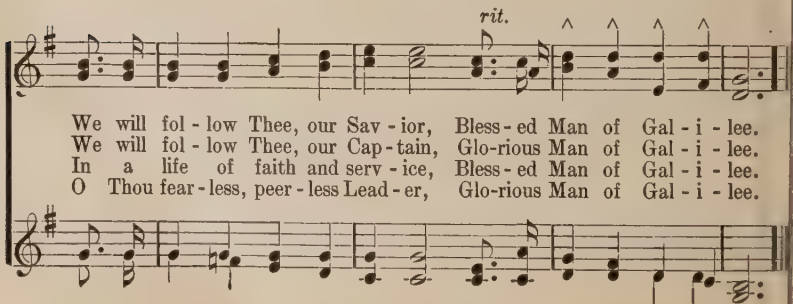
Men are want-ed, men of cour-age, For the Man of Gal-i-lee.
 Each to be a fel-low work-er With the Man of Gal-i-lee.
 Lo, there throngs a loy-al le-gion For the Man of Gal-i-lee.
 On-ward! till the world is ta-ken For the Man of Gal-i-lee.



Man of Gal - i - lee, Man of Gal - i lee,

O Thou Man of Gal-i-lee! Thou who died to make men free,
 O Thou Man of Gal-i-lee! In the fight to set men free,
 O Thou Man of Gal-i-lee! We will fol-low on - ly Thee,
 O Thou Man of Gal-i-lee! We will fol-low on - ly Thee,

O Thou Man of Gal-i-lee! Thou who died to make men free,



rit.

We will fol-low Thee, our Sav-ior, Bless-ed Man of Gal-i-lee.
 We will fol-low Thee, our Cap-tain, Glo-rious Man of Gal-i-lee.
 In a life of faith and serv-ice, Bless-ed Man of Gal-i-lee.
 O Thou fear-less, peer-less Lead-er, Glo-rious Man of Gal-i-lee.

No. 67. Some One is Watching Your Light.

Dedicated to Frank McDonald.

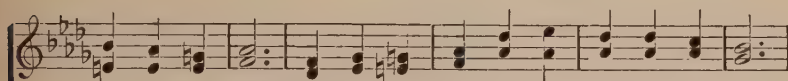
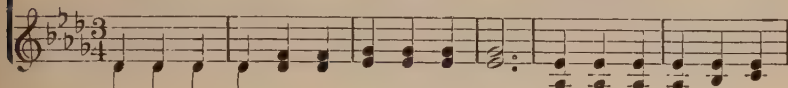
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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W. E. M. Hackleman.



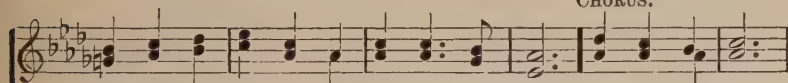
1. Down in the val-ley of sor-row and sin, Some one is lost in the
2. Long is the jour-ney and some one is weak; Some one, if tempted, may
3. Touched by the sto-ry of Christ and His love, Some one will turn from the
4. On that glad morning, when all shall a-rise, Saved by the in-fi-nite



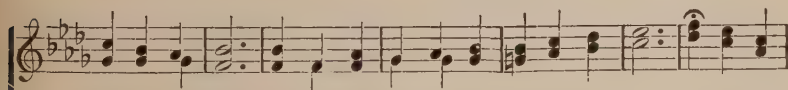
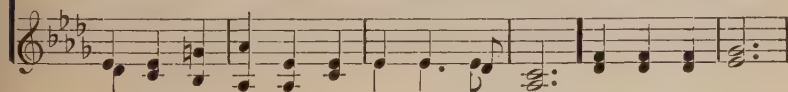
dark-ness of night; Some one that you to your Sav-ior may win;
fall in the fight; Some one will win if His prom-ise you speak;
wrong to the right, Look-ing for guid-ance to heav-en a-bove;
pow'r of His might, Some one will greet you at home in the skies;



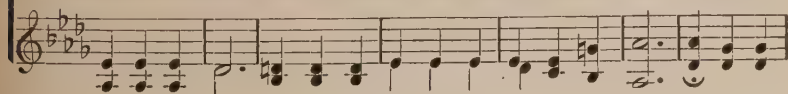
CHORUS.



Some one is watch-ing, is watch-ing your light! Watching your light!



watching your light! Some one is watch-ing, is watch-ing your light! Oh, does it



shine with a ra-di-ance bright, Some one is watching, is watching your light!



No. 68. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

From Donizetti.



1. O my soul, bless Thou Je-ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;



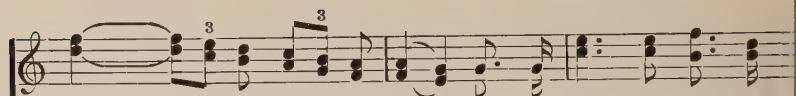
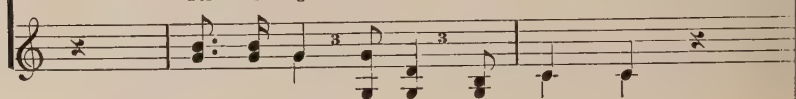
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.



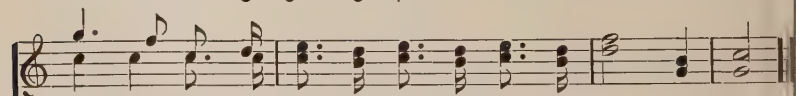
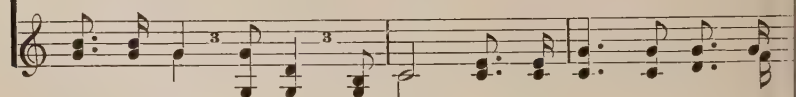
CHORUS.



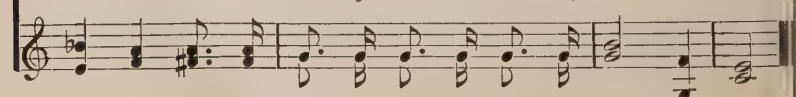
For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a -
For as high as is the heav - en,



bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
Far a - bove the earth be - low,



fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.



No. 69. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

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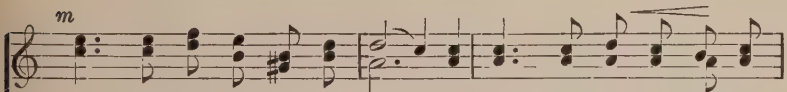
W. E. M. Hackleman.



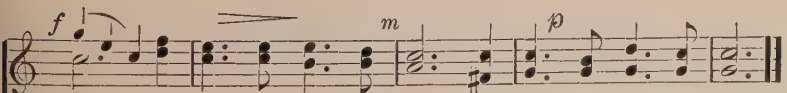
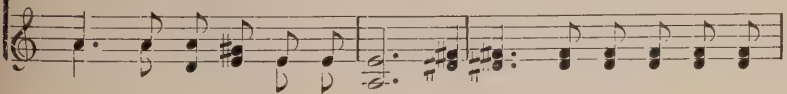
1. O Love that wilt not let me go,..... I
 2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way,..... I
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain,..... I
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I
 1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I



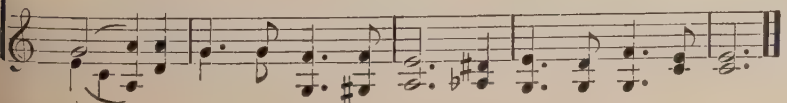
rest my wear - y soul in Thee;..... I
 yield my flick - 'ring torch to Thee;..... My
 can - not close my heart to Thee;..... I
 dare not ask to hide from Thee;..... I
 rest my wear - y soul in Thee, I



give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its
 heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its
 trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not
 lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms



flow May rich - er, full - er be, May rich - er, full - er be.
 day May bright-er, fair - er be, May bright - er, fair - er be.
 vain That morn shall tear - less be, That morn shall tear - less be.
 red Life that shall end - less be, Life that shall end - less be.



No. 70.

The Palms.

Jean-Baptiste Faure.

Arr. by W. E. M. Hackleman.

Andante maestoso.

1. O'er all the way, green palms and blos-soms gay Are strewn this
 2. His word goes forth, and peo-ple by its might Once more their
 3. Sing and re-joice, O blest Je - ru - sa - lem, Of all thy

day in fes - tal prep - a - ra - tion, Where Je-sus comes, to wipe our
 free-dom gain from deg - ra-da - tion, Hu - man-i - ty doth give to
 sons sing the e - man - ci - pa - tion, Thro' boundless love, the Christ c

tears a - way, E'en now the throng to welcome Him pre-pare.
 each his right, While those in darkness find re-stored the light.
 Beth-le - hem Brings faith and hope to thee for-ev - er-more.

The Palms.

CHORUS. *A tempo.*

Join all and sing, His name de-clare, Let ev-'ry voice re-sound with

mf *pp*

8

3

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf* and *pp*. There are triplets marked with a '3' and a measure with an '8'.

ac - cla-ma - tion; Ho-san - na! praised be the Lord!
O praised be the Lord!

cres. *ff*

f

Slargando. *Largo.*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo and fortissimo dynamics. Performance markings include *Slargando.* and *Largo.*

Bless Him, who cometh to bring us sal-va - - - tion!

Slargando. *Largo.* *D. S.*

8

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and a double bar line. Performance markings include *Slargando.*, *Largo.*, and *D. S.* (Da Capo). A measure with an '8' is present at the end.

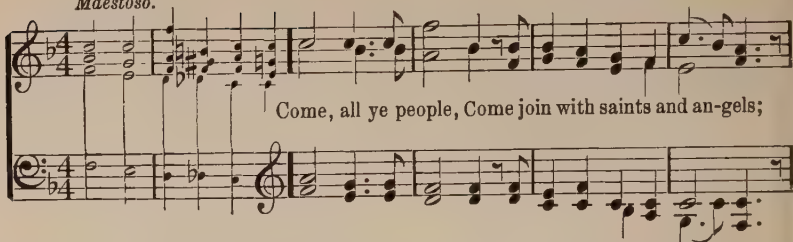
No. 71.

Come, All Ye People.

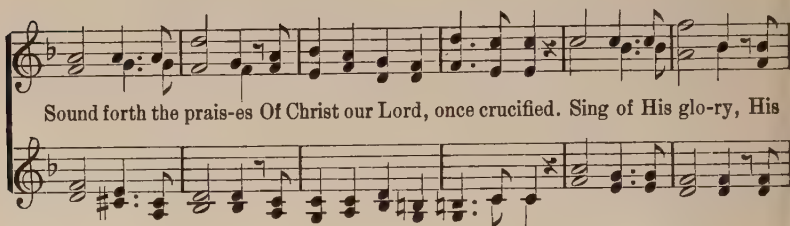
A. W. Conner.
Maestoso.

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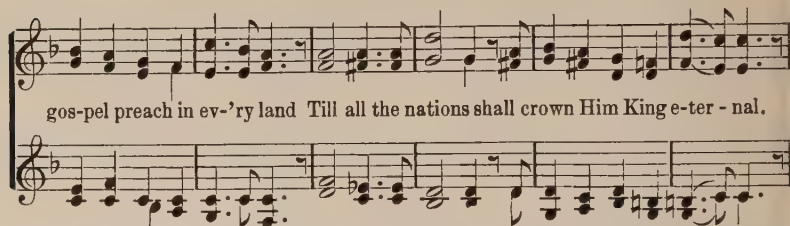
Charles Gounod.
Arr. by Pearl C. Hackleman.



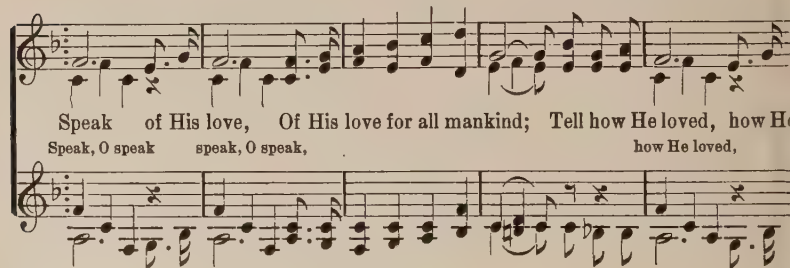
Come, all ye people, Come join with saints and an-gels;



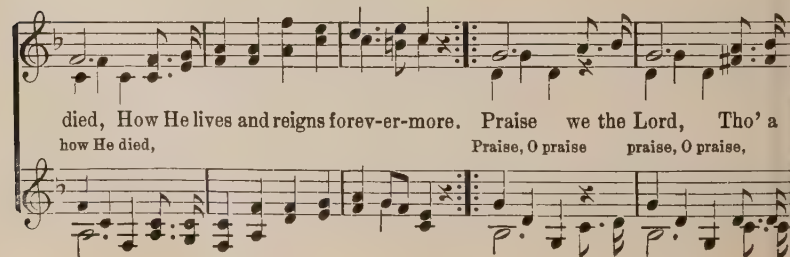
Sound forth the prais-es Of Christ our Lord, once crucified. Sing of His glo-ry, His



gos-pel preach in ev-'ry land Till all the nations shall crown Him King e-ter - nal.

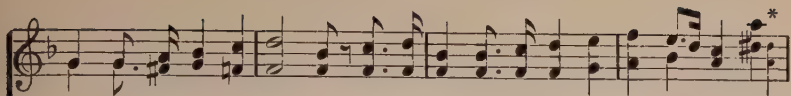


Speak of His love, Of His love for all mankind; Tell how He loved, how He
Speak, O speak speak, O speak, how He loved,

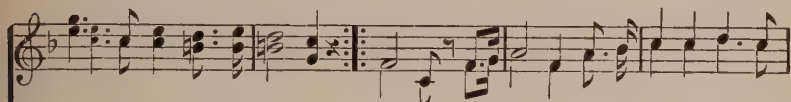
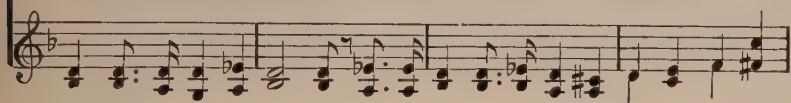


died, How He lives and reigns forev-er-more. Praise we the Lord, Tho' a
how He died, Praise, O praise praise, O praise,

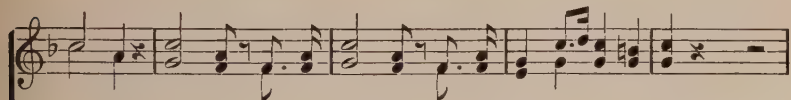
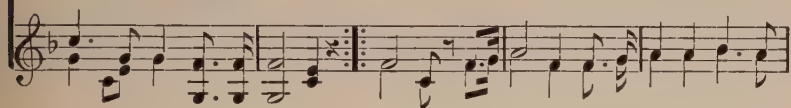
Come, All Ye People.



host should encamp a-against us; In His love, by His pow'r He shall save us—His

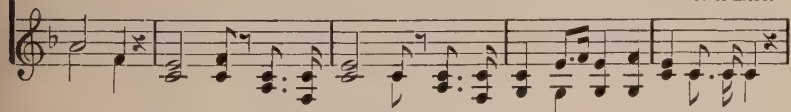


name shall we praise for-ev-er. Bless-ed for - ev-er Is the Lord of our sal-

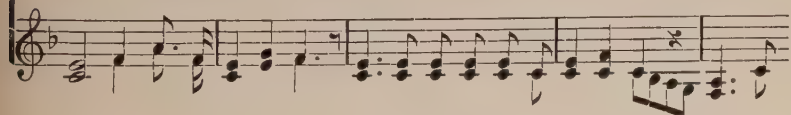


va-tion. Praise Him, men and an - gels, Sing His praise for-ev-er-more.

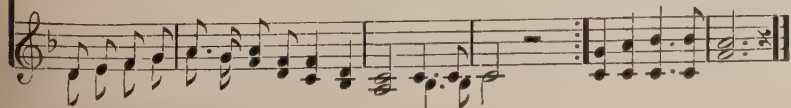
ev-er-more.



Praise Him; Bow before His throne, Vic-tor over death, He dies no more. Reign, Thou



mighty Savior, reigning now in glory, Reign ever-more; Reign for-ev-er-more.



* Use small notes if desirable.

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

Intro.

The introduction consists of two staves of music in B-flat major, 6/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness com

The first two verses of the hymn are set to music. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4.

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be

The third verse of the hymn is set to music. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4.

cres. ff

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee;

The chorus of the hymn is set to music. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4. The music is marked with a crescendo (cres.) and a fortissimo (ff) dynamic.

Near - - er to Thee,..... Near - - er to

Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Near - er, my God, Still

The final lines of the hymn are set to music. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/4.

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Thee,.....

D. C. 2d stan.:a.

Near-er to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

ap - pear

3. There let the way, There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n;

Steps un - to heav'n; All

All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy giv'n;

All that Thou sendest me, In mer - cy, in mer - cy giv'n;

that Thou send-est me,

beck - on me,

Near-er to

An - gels to beck - on, to beck - on me, Near-er, near-

An - gels to beck-on me, Near - er,..... my God, to

Thee,.....

er to Thee, Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Thee,.....

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright

4. Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy

Here, with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright

with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny grief

praise,..... Out..... of my sto - ny grief

with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny grief

Beth - el I'll raise,....

Beth - el I'll raise,.... So by my

Beth - el I'll raise,.... So by my

Near - er Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

woes to be, Near - er to Thee, Near - er to Thee,

Near - er Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Nearer, my God, Nearer to Thee, Still near - er to Thee.

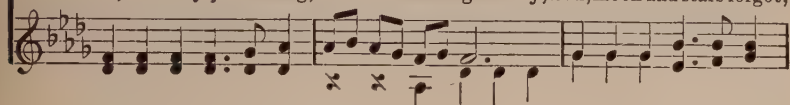
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Cleav-ing the sky,



5. Or, if on joy-ful wing,

Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot,

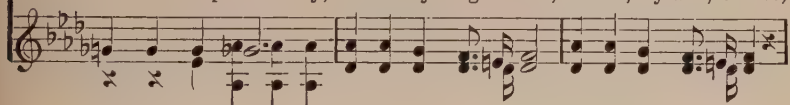


Cleav-ing the sky,

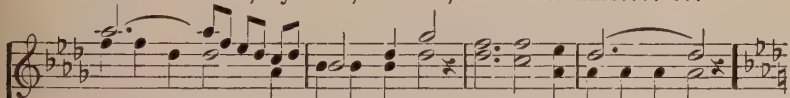


Up-ward I fly,

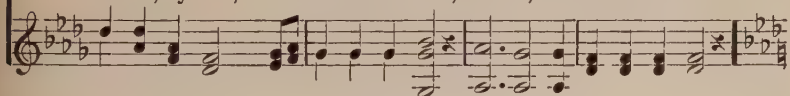
Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,



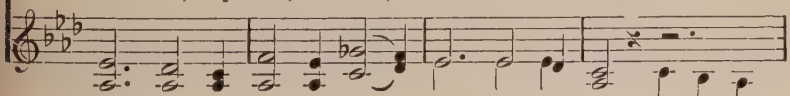
Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee....



Near-er, my God, Still near-er to Thee, Nearer, still near-er to Thee.

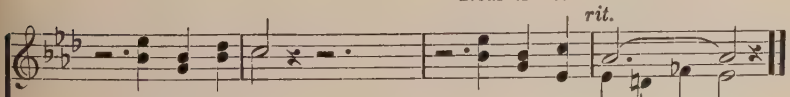


Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee,



Near-er to

Near-er to Thee.....



Near-er to Thee,

Near-er, still near-er to Thee.



Thee, to Thee, Near-er to Thee,

No. 73.

Thy Will Be Done.

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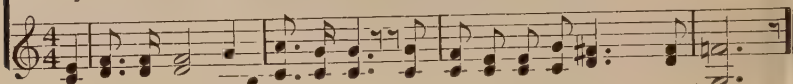
DeLoss Smith.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

Adagio.



1. Thy will be done, I've learned to say, Tho' sad my heart, and lone my way;
2. Thy will be done; when friends depart, A com-fort-er to me Thou art;
3. Thy will be done; a hope so bright Il-lu-mines sorrow's dark-est night;
4. Thy will be done; 't is well with me, By faith Thy mer-cy-seat I see;



With Thee I can-not be a-lone,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 Tho' great my loss, Thou canst a-tone,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 Since Christ a-rose its light has shone,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.
 I'll work and pray till set of sun,— Thy will be done, Thy will be done.



No. 74.

Father of Mercies.

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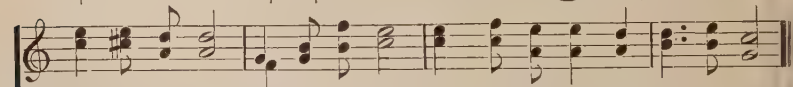
DeLoss Smith.

Raynotte Clyde.

Adagio.

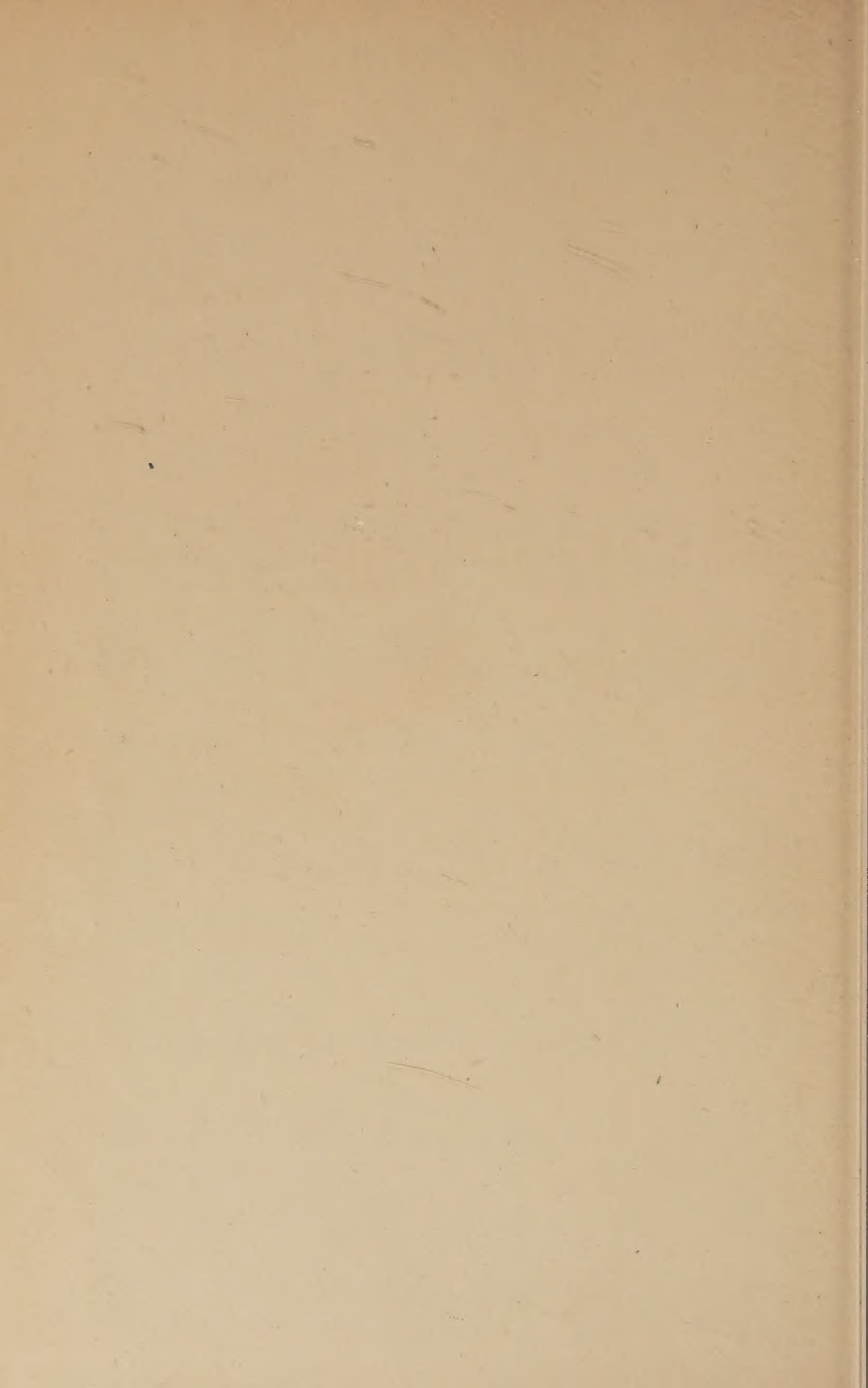


1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, wilt Thou hear A soul that pleads so hum-bly here?
2. Fa-ther of mer-cies, by that sign, That name that shows Thy love di-vine,
3. Fa-ther of mer-cies, naught I plead Of wor-thi-ness of word or deed.
4. Fa-ther of mer-cies, let me rest This night by naught of sin op-pressed!



And wilt Thou grant Thy lov-ing care To one who humbly kneels in prayer?
 Let par-don, like re-fresh-ing rain, Re-store my soul to peace a-gain.
 I on-ly plead Thy promise sure, Christ's sa-cri-fice, His love se-cure.
 And on the mor-row let me be Led each step of my way by Thee.





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